OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 160—No. 3

JANUARY 20, 1932

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

The Alien Exclusion Law

To the Editor: *Philadelphia*

SIR—In your issue of January 6, 1932, there appears an article by Mr. Thomas D. Parker, entitled, "Exclusion and Deportation," which is well worth the careful consideration of your readers.

From a very slight experience with the actual enforcement of that law, I can assure you that as far as the average case goes the law is fairly and justly carried out, and the immigration inspectors I have met are men of real character and ability.

It is obviously impossible to draft a law of this kind in such a manner as will eliminate every hardship and all social injustice. Were it possible to hear and decide each case solely upon its own facts and give full weight to the individual circumstances, then theoretically all hardship could be avoided, but this course is patently neither possible nor desirable, and upon the whole this law is administered with as much justice and as little hardship as any law framed and administered by human beings can be. Congress has decided that the country is injured by too much undesirable immigration and the statute at present in force is as effective a remedy as can be devised. No remedy for this evil could eliminate a certain amount of hardship, and for every alien whose deportation creates a real social injustice, there are a thousand aliens whose deportation is (or would be) both right and salutary. PAUL FREEMAN.

The Nobel Peace Prize

To the Editor: *Pine Bluff, Arkansas*

SIR—If the number of organizations to which one belongs be an indisputable argument for one's worth, or if the number of public utterances made be an irrefutable claim to essential merit, one should perhaps agree with your possibly uninformed opinion expressed editorially on the respective merits of Dr. Butler and Miss Addams for the Nobel Peace Award. Not that Dr. Butler is less nor Miss Addams more deserving would one object to your comment—but how a respectable journal like the OUTLOOK can ignore the fundamental determinant of deserts: actual attitude and behavior toward the one great crisis of war or peace—the World War—is as disgusting as it is disturbing.

Both being great pacifists before the war, Dr. Butler's war-time apostasy is as notorious as Miss Addams's advocacy of peace is remarkable. During the war Nicholas Murray Butler yielded to the patriotic mania of the mob, choosing to subordinate what he knew to be right to what he knew to be cowardly; Jane Addams gave no ground, despite the brainless abuse of the *New York Times* and other respectable journals (which come dangerously near to being the spiritual brothers of the current OUTLOOK).

One would not be so uncommonly stupid as to deny the obvious interest of Dr. Butler in and his sane counsel on matters of peace and armaments in the years since the war; neither could one be so obtuse as to believe the fair-weather zeal of Dr. Butler more commendable than the steadfastness of Miss Addams in and out of season. You call Dr. Butler a good choice and Miss Addams bad. The choice concerns constancy of purpose, and you point to the wide and influential contacts of Dr. Butler. Fidelity to principle is involved, and you ignore the patent recreancy of Dr. Butler's record. Cowardice and compromise are the charges against Dr. Butler, and you invite one to read the long list of organizations to which he belongs.

Over the years both are deserving of this notable award. Hardly is Miss Addams less deserving. M. MORELAND.

Corporate Management

To the Editor: *Hibbing, Minn.*

SIR—It seems to me that one of the most essential undertakings to prevent the recurrence of depression has received too little emphasis. That undertaking is such a change in the laws controlling incorporation as to make it more difficult for those in control of corporations to build large personal fortunes at the expense of the corporations which they manage.

Suppose those in control of a corporation receive a large order. Before announcing the order they purchase stock. When the business is running full blast they know that orders have dropped off. They sell. During a merger the stock of a company is watered and given to those forming the merger. They sell on the rise after the merger. Those in charge may give themselves excessive salaries, give contracts to other businesses they own and otherwise line their own pockets to the ruin of the corporation, selling their stock and leaving someone else to hold the bag before the ruin arrives.

Under these conditions there is little sympathy to waste on the person who buys stock without inside dope. He is a gambler and should be a good enough sport to take his losses. The trouble is that during a speculative period the kind of managements mentioned have their opportunity and help produce the vast non-productive credit inflation which is the chief cause of depression—and all but they suffer.

A corporation is a legally created entity with special privileges before the law not possessed by the individual entrepreneur or the partnership. There is nothing socialistic about the suggestion that the law by which corporations are made possible be so changed as to prevent their being managed by those to whose interest it is to manage them wrongly.

Perhaps some arrangement by which corporations would be managed by people who share in the legitimate profits of the enterprise, but who are not allowed to buy or sell the stock, could be devised—if it were possible to prevent indirect deals. G. O. HESS.

Meed of Praise

To the Editor: *Jacksonville, Fla.*

SIR—Through this present day fog of dissimulation and hypocrisy your frankness and candor shine forth resplendently. It is well that you have the light to discern these frauds and shams and the intestinal fortitude to attack and combat them. Your attitude on prohibition—the national abomination—indicates your rugged, sterling Americanism and I note with approbation what you say of the Anglophile in the White House.
JAMES F. GREEN.

Grapes of Wrath

To the Editor: *Des Moines, Iowa*

SIR—I have noted with increasing dismay your attitude on such questions as prohibition, and then the way you knock the Administration is disgusting. In these times of world depression and strain what is needed is not howlers, knockers and kickers to be lugged along, making the load heavier. Your magazine is an affront to clear-thinking patriots, and when good times do come again—as they will come—it will be in spite of your efforts and not because of them.
MRS. A. J. GAGE.

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Next Week

Virgins on the Shelf
By James W. Poling

An article by a bookman on the astonishing increase in sex novels. He discusses the fundamental causes of the success of raciness, frankness or "dirt."—call it what you will—in magazines and books.

The Optimist in Politics
A Portrait of Jouett Shouse
By Leslie E. Wallace

The chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic party believes victory in 1932 is in sight. In fact, his career has been that of an incurable optimist, as Mr. Wallace points out.

Dollar Grabbers at the Bar
By Louis Cochran

A lawyer tells of the tricks of lawyers in making money. He calls it racketeering and urges a housecleaning.

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ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

The Trend of the Week

Republican Slogan

THE *Pathfinder* magazine, which recently conducted a contest for the best Democratic slogan, conducted one for the best Republican slogan, too. The judges of the Republican contest were Senators Jones of Washington, Vandenberg of Michigan and Metcalf of Rhode Island. First prize was won by the following: "Prosperity Is Returning—Don't Throw It in Reverse." Second prize was won by the following: "Hold Steady!" Third prize was won by the following: "The Elephant Works While the Donkey Kicks." But, granting that the Democrats need new slogans for 1932, why should the Republicans have new ones also? Why can't they use the old slogans which proved so effective four years ago? Why, for instance, can't they use that telling sentence from a speech made by Charlie Curtis as the 1928 campaign approached its end? It would make a wonderful slogan for 1932. It is simple, it is catchy and it leaves no more to be said. It reads: "You have been enjoying Republican prosperity."

Art for Memory's Sake

THE HUGE Emanuel Leutze painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," taken from the wall of the Metropolitan Museum in New York a year ago to make room for the Havemeyer Collection of French paintings, has been discovered in the Museum's storeroom. It is evidently not to be rehung. No room for it, Museum officials murmur, meaning, perhaps, "It's large, it's popular, it's patriotic, but it isn't art."

Can't something be done about this situation? Not about the "Washington Crossing the Delaware" situation, for several other museums already have asked for this particular painting and doubtless it will be reinstated somewhere very soon. But with the situation, in general, of what to do with the hundreds of paintings which have nothing much to do with art but which are, nevertheless, as American as the doughnut and as much a part of every American adult's background as baseball.

There is the "Moonlight Sonata," for instance. There are the "Horse Fair," "Custer's Last Stand," "The Storm," "The Doctor," "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," "The Making of the Flag," "Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest," "After Wind—Rain" and many others. Reproductions of them have ennobled calendars and walls for years. The originals may not belong in art museums, but why shouldn't they have museums of their own—places from which connoisseurs would flee but in which the rest of us might wander and chuckle and feel at home? Once upon a time most Americans thought these pictures were pretty artistic. Are we going to sell them short?

Church vs. Vallee

THREE years ago Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, dean of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America, took on Albert Einstein and pointed to the "ghastly apparition of atheism" which lurked in relativity. Now the Cardinal has attacked

Rudy Vallee; that is, he has issued a bull against the "degenerate form of singing which is called crooning." Rudy, alas, was not mentioned by name. It might have been useful now that another radio star, Bing Crosby, is reaching for Rudy's crown.

Cardinal O'Connell confessed in 1929 that he did not understand relativity. He had never met any one who did, he said, and he doubted whether even Einstein himself knew what he was talking about. Anyway, it was bad and quite ungodly. No such modesty flavors the excoriation of crooning, however. It seems that Cardinal O'Connell enjoys his radio when he is weary, but "I can't turn the dial without hearing those whiners, crying vapid words to impossible tunes."

"If you will listen closely," added the Cardinal, who appears to have listened closely, "you will discern the basest appeal to sex emotion in the young. They are not true love songs. No true American man would practise this base art. Of course, they aren't men."

With all due respect to His Eminence, this is nearly as confusing as Dr. Einstein's theories. The crooners are not men, but they appeal to the sex emotions in the young. Perhaps it was Dr. Einstein who did the crooning overheard by Cardinal O'Connell. Maybe Rudy Vallee is president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism.

Maybe it was static.

Hyde's Heresy

SENATOR FESS should take Secretary of Agriculture Hyde to task for conduct unbecoming a Hoover Republican. Not on account of what happened in New York on January 9, for, that time, Mr.

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T. R., JR.

Hyde corrected himself before it was too late. That was when the Secretary prepared a speech about Mr. Hoover with a last paragraph beginning: "He may be wrong. He may even be overwhelmed in defeat, but if he is, he will go down fighting." When Mr. Hyde came to deliver the speech to an audience including Mrs. Hoover herself, he topped off that last paragraph with one beginning this way: "But he will not be defeated. Already the skies are lifting. Already the horizons are clearing." And so on.

But, though Mr. Hyde squeezed out of that tight situation, he has yet to straighten out his January 5 statement at Lincoln, Nebraska. There he said Mr. Hoover would be reëlected but that "his majority may be reduced." Sheer heresy! Senator Fess is chairman of the Republican National Committee. His word is law. An article by him—"a recognized authority on the subject of history"—has just been published by the *Young Republican* magazine. Therein Senator Fess points out that in 1864 Lincoln received all the electoral votes but 21 and, turning to the 1932 elections, declares: "History may repeat itself. We should not be surprised if it did." So it may. Mr. Hyde should be warned to bear this in mind.

▶▶*Break for Teddy*

HAVING been faithful over a few things in Porto Rico, young Teddy Roosevelt is now made ruler over a few more things in the Philippines. He will succeed Dwight F. Davis as Governor-General for a term that, unless Mr. Hoover is reëlected, probably will last about a year. Aside from his two years as Governor of Porto Rico, his experience will not help him much where he is going. It is not apparent that he became an authority on the Philippines during his years as New York Assemblyman, Colonel in the Army, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and unhappy candidate for Governor against Al Smith. Still, he may not need much specialized information to hold his new job satisfactorily. Notwithstanding solemn protestations to the contrary—it's a "very important position" says young Teddy himself—the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines need not be very important if the Administration chooses to run things from Washington. Furthermore, despite the unhappy figure he has cut in practical politics, young Teddy seems to be a competent administrator. One wishes him well. He has a bit of luck coming to him.

▶▶*Same Old Story*

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY by Frederick Strauss, partner in a New York banking house, is typical of that given by bankers during the Senate Finance Committee's investigation of the sale of foreign bonds in the United States:

Q. Did you find a perfect madness for the acquisition of foreign bonds within the past few years?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You participated, and there were other firms who had agents in South America seeking loans to peddle in the United States?

A. Yes, but not only in South America. All over the world the bankers competed to a degree that in retrospect was wholly wrong.

Q. Then the process was reversed of the lender seeking the bankers?

A. Yes.

Q. And thus borrowing by governments was stimulated?

A. That was the effect.

Q. And, now, do the methods of these last ten years commend themselves to you, sir?

A. Most certainly not, after what I have seen.

What Mr. Strauss has seen is defaults on the part of borrowing governments, especially those in South America. American investments there total about $3,000,000,000 in addition to $2,000,000,000 or so invested in Mexico, Central America and the West Indies—together about 25 per cent of our private investments abroad. Not all of this is invested in government bonds, not all the bonds are in default, not all the defaults represent permanent losses. But our losses have turned the public against the bankers and turned the bankers against their own foreign policy.

This policy did not differ, however, from their policy toward domestic investments. The public's mad clamor for foreign bonds had its parallel in the demand for domestic securities. In each case bankers encouraged the clamor, supplying stimulants instead of cautions. In each case the result has been devastating. Defaults in our foreign investments, as J. M. Daiger emphasizes in the January *Harpers*, "would have a long, long way to go before they would be comparable with the domestic record of default and failure among our industrial, railroad, utility, banking, real estate and municipal investments." In fact, South America, where our foreign losses are most serious, is in default on only about a billion dollars in American-held securities. The value of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has dropped as much as five billion dollars in a single day.

▶▶*Stars Bunk?*

THAT OFFICIAL of the Magnetik Manufacturing Company, which charges Evangeline Adams with having pirated its astrological chart—was it chummy of him to say, "Of course, the chart is all bunk, the same as all other astrologers' charts"? Astrological charts always seemed nice to have. They tell what it means to be born under the sign of The Crab, which sounds entertaining. They show when the omens are favorable for dealing with the deep sea, drugs, oils and liquids, which is entertaining too. They tell on which days to start business ventures or make investments, which is very entertaining indeed. But of course if the charts are all bunk, that's that. Nothing to do but throw them away.

EVANGELINE

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It was comforting, though, to think that the stars controlled everything. We had always believed that it was Saturn's being

MR. RASKOB

in Uranus or somewhere that caused what happened to Anaconda Cop, Union Car & C and Westingh E & M. Heigh ho! Must have been something else.

▶▶*Raskob Plan*

THERE is only one practical way to repeal or revise the Eighteenth Amendment. Congress must submit a repeal or revision measure to the state legislatures, or preferably to specially elected state conventions. Believing that Congress should do this, we naturally endorse the fundamental purpose of the Raskob plan, which is to persuade Congress to do it. But we are not blind to his objectionable means of reaching a desirable end.

Mr. Raskob explained his project in a recent letter to the Democratic National Committee which, on January 9, submitted it for the consideration of the next Democratic convention. To the convention also went the results of his poll of the 77,500 Democratic contributors of 1928 campaign funds, showing that only 22 per cent of the 25,500 respondents believe that the next Democratic platform can avoid the prohibition issue and that 91 per cent believe in giving the states opportunity to vote on revision or repeal.

Mr. Raskob proposes a platform plank pledging Democratic Congressmen to vote for the submission to state conventions of a measure to revise the Eighteenth Amendment so that dry states could remain dry, with Federal support, and wet states become wet when their people approved specific plans for liquor control in referendums—this to prevent the return of the saloon. Note that the Congressmen would be pledged to vote, not necessarily in favor of revision but in favor of submitting a revision measure which the state conventions could accept or reject. Once the Congressmen had voted for submission, they would be free to oppose revision—and to feel like inconsistent fools. That is why Mr. Raskob says that his is merely a plan for a referendum, and neither wet nor dry.

What all this amounts to, of course, is a proposal for a wet plank with a neutral varnish, a scheme to conciliate Democratic drys and an intricate, absurd Rube Goldberg device enabling Congressmen to vote for revision without voting wet. Mr. Raskob would raise political pussyfooting to a new high for all time.

▶▶*Catch in It*

MR. RASKOB says his plan would take the prohibition issue out of politics. It wouldn't and it shouldn't. It wouldn't because, platforms aside, there would remain the vote-determining question of the comparative wetness of the opposing candidates, particularly for President. It shouldn't because then the wets would lose their chance to elect a wet President and a wet Congress this year. That done, it would be easy enough to destroy prohibition by modifying or repealing the Volstead law. Hoping for eventual though not immediate adoption, wet Congressmen would also submit to the states a measure for the repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. They would do so for the only valid reason—because they believed they should, and not, as in the Raskob plan, simply to pass the buck.

Moreover, there is a basic catch in the Raskob plan, as in any plan to change the Eighteenth Amendment. Once his "home rule" measure revising the Amendment had been submitted to the states, it would almost certainly be defeated. It would take years to secure the requisite ratification of thirty-six states. "Four years," says Mr. Raskob. Or perhaps fourteen. And what would we do in the meantime? Let the prohibition farce go on?

▶▶*Ritchie's Candidacy*

GOVERNOR RITCHIE of Maryland is the first and only important aspirant for the Democratic nomination for President to announce his candidacy. When the others announce theirs, they would do well to imitate his candor. "Of course I would like to be President," he said in his address at Baltimore on January 7. "Who would not?"

If this was the high spot in Governor Ritchie's formal announcement of his candidacy the following is the key-note of the candidacy itself: "The great domestic issue to be fought out in the coming campaign is whether the wholesale transfer of power from the people to centralized government, from popular control to centralized authority, shall be checked in all its forms, and its deadly dangers avoided, or whether we shall move on to political and economic dictatorship." Local self-government—that is what Ritchie has been emphasizing in Maryland; that is the familiar message he now intends to spread over the nation. When he says he favors "a minimum of government and a maximum of freedom" he states the basic reason why he opposes national prohibition, why he favors government regulation of railroads, power and utilities as a check on greed rather than an entering wedge toward government ownership, why he prefers that idle labor be cared for by industry rather than by compulsory government insurance.

One is convinced, however, that Governor Ritchie's bid for the nomination would be much stronger if he had been more specific on the issues of the day. Granting that his fundamental philosophy is a good one for normal times, in an emergency like this does he approve Federal relief for the jobless? A Federal

ALBERT OF MARYLAND

bond issue to finance public works? He says that our tariff walls are too high. Does he wish to lower them through

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reciprocity treaties? He says the war debts are "justly due," but that they comprise a problem of "what do our national welfare, our trade, our legitimate investments and our security require?" Does he think they require another moratorium? Temporary readjustments? These are all fair questions and ones which, we have reason to believe, will be answered in due time by Governor Ritchie, whose courage and candor are among his most outstanding qualities.

▶▶*Turning Some Corners*

IT IS announced in Westerville, Ohio, headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League, that the League is nearly broke, partly because of the failure of the Bank of Westerville, in which it had deposited funds.

Justice Churchill of the New York State Supreme Court has appointed Senator Robert F. Wagner as receiver of the Lincoln Building, eighth tallest skyscraper in New York City.

A petition has been filed in a United States District Court for the appointment of an equity receiver for Rolls-Royce of America, Inc.

▶▶*Mr. Stimson's Note*

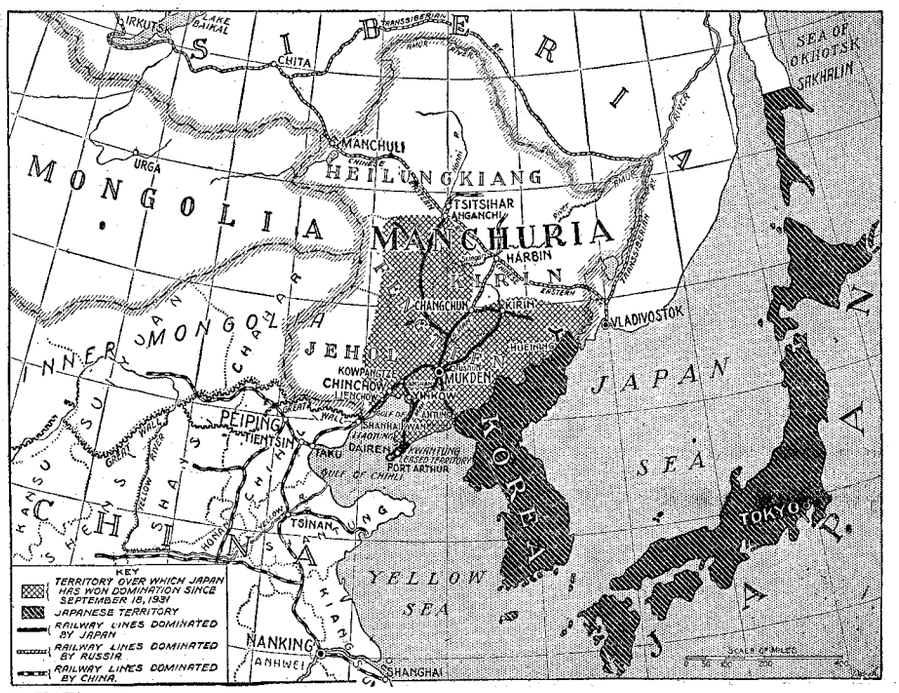
TO KNOW what Secretary of State Stimson says in his January 7 note to Japan and China is not to know what he means. Obviously the note is susceptible to varying interpretations once the reader gets beyond the opening statement—that Japanese military operations in Manchuria up to the capture of Chinchow on January 2 have destroyed the Chinese government's last remaining administrative authority there. In view of this situation and of the American government's treaty rights and obligations therein, Mr. Stimson notifies the two governments that:

1. We cannot admit the legality of any situation in Manchuria—and will not recognize any Chino-Japanese treaty or agreement thereon—if the situation or agreement impairs American treaty rights in China, "including those which relate to the sovereignty, the independence or the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China, or to the international policy relative to China, commonly known as the open door policy."

2. The United States will not recognize "any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris."

The most literal interpretation of the first point might hold it to mean simply that we will not recognize any Manchurian development which in any way impairs our existing treaty rights or reduces China's territory or her governmental control in Manchuria. With these exceptions the first point might be said to give Japan a free hand to wrest what she could from China.

The most literal interpretation of the second point would go even further. Under the Pact of Paris Japan pledged herself to seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means. To date she has not employed pacific means in Manchuria. Hence it might be said that any situation or agreement resulting from her activities there had been "brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris." Such an interpretation of the second point would mean that the United States will not recognize *any* change from the situation which existed in Manchuria prior to September 18, when Japan started her military operations in Manchuria. These are strict interpretations, however. In the end the interpretations finally placed on the note may be so loose as to allow Japan to get away with almost anything she desires.



N. Y. Times

THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL

Duffy—Baltimore Sun

THE MOON COMES OVER THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

▶▶*Index*

FROM 1900 to 1926 the First New Hampshire District elected a Republican to Congress in every election year save two. In 1928 it elected a Republican by a majority of 14,000. In 1930 it elected a Republican by a majority of 8,000. On January 5, 1932, it elected a Democrat by a majority of 3,000. The Democrat, William N. Rogers, won with a campaign leveled against the Hoover Administration and for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Here is a significant index to current political trends, which we have often analyzed. This time let us reprint the analysis by the New York *Herald Tribune*, which says: "If any Republican can miss the significance of the result in the First New Hampshire Congress District he must be blind or dreaming. The effects of the economic tide are still running strong against the Administration. When to these influences is added the mounting wrath of the wets,

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the case is hopeless." The *Herald Tribune*, mind you, is one of the most Republican of Republican newspapers.

▶▶*Stag Hunt*

OH, TO BE IN England in the stag-hunting season! The gathering of the hunt, the start, the scent, the dogs gone wild, the horses streaking swiftly after. On and on, over hedges, hills and dales, thundering through the frosty morning. There a rider falls; he has remounted; he carries on. Far ahead the dogs are clamoring; they have the stag at bay. The gallant animal fights desperately for life. It has escaped; no, it is again at bay. The last mad, thrilling gallop. The capture. The triumphant return, after the fair, free chase, with the stag swung to a pole.

You think that's how it is? Well, then, here is the story of the recent mid-Kent stag hunt. A hind by the name of Bridget was taken in a cart from a private deer park to the hunt meeting and liberated. It began to graze. The huntsmen, eager to begin hunting, shooed it away. It joined a flock of sheep, then tried to get back into the cart, and finally trotted off slowly, thinking things over. Eventually it ran into the sea, where it was rescued from drowning by men in lifeboats. The huntsmen? Well, the huntsmen, seeing the prey heading for the sea, gave up the hunt. "Poor old Bridget!" said the secretary of the hunt, informed of the lifeboat rescue. "She is 14 years old and a great pet. She will be all right when we get her home in the warm and get the salt water out of her."

Oh, to be in England in the spring! They gather primroses then.

▶▶*Uncle Sam's New Bank*

WITH the creation by Congress of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation suggested by Mr. Hoover, the Federal government begins a financial experiment of unparalleled size for peace-time. The corporation—directed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, a representative of the farmers and other appointees—will be empowered to make loans to railroads and to banks, life insurance companies, building and loan associations and other financial institutions which otherwise would be unable to secure credit. If Mayor Walker of New York had his way it would also lend money to American cities, which, though they must carry the brunt of unemployed relief, are now, he says, "in a financial strait-jacket because of the severe restrictions imposed by the banks on lending money for the operations of local governments."

The corporation's first loans will be made out of a capital of $500,000,000 subscribed by the Federal government. As it requires more funds, it can secure them by selling "reconstruction bonds"—as much as $1,500,000,000 worth, if necessary, with both interest and principal guaranteed by the United States. Thus a total of $2,000,000,000 can be made available to railroads, to financial institutions and, directly or indirectly, to business.

It would be easy to pick flaws in this enormous project. It means, of course, that, contrary to the American system, the government wades chin-deep into the banking business. It also means that the government stands to lose some money on bad loans, inadequately secured. There is, however, no help for it. The present credit strain must be eased; wheels of industry which are still turning must be kept turning, and even those who deeply regret the exchange of good government money for questionable private paper do not deny that some such body as this Reconstruction Finance Corporation is necessary. To fail to create it would be to court a financial and industrial collapse.

▶▶*Sauce for the Gander*

THE EFFORT of the railroads to extend government regulation to their competitors receives important support in Leo J. Flynn's report to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Mr. Flynn, one of the Commission's expert examiners, recommends that substantially the same regulation applied to railroads be applied to trucks and buses operating for hire in interstate commerce. Neither the Commission nor Congress itself, which alone can order the regulation, will underrate his conclusion that unregulated motor transportation is undermining railway stability and that "the national transportation machine cannot function with progressive efficiency part regulated, part unregulated."

Mr. Flynn, soundly enough, urges Congress to approve the suggested regulation with a view of assuring a dependable national transportation system. He urges it not to act with a view of preserving and protecting railways by stifling their competitors. Each type of carrier is necessary. It would obviously be fair to place the same regulation on

Remarkable Remarks!

The final solution for unemployment is work.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.	*A. L. Pruss, Box 1082, San Antonio, Texas, $5 prize.*
The return of prosperity depends upon several things.—PROF. T. N. CARVER.	*John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.*
Success is no more difficult in dull times than in a boom.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.	*Marguerite Elam, Box 443, Route A, Ceres, Calif., $2 prize.*
I see no reason why I should take a cut in salary.—BABE RUTH.	*Fitzroy E. Young, 4317 West Belle Place, St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.*
I am tired of bridge experts.—ELY CULBERTSON.	*D. A. Holm, 215 Camp St., Jamestown, N. Y., $2 prize.*
Publicity, believe me, dears, is really gall and wormwood.—EDWARD W. ("DADDY") BROWNING.	*Irwin Deemer, 2104 Bedford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., $2 prize.*
Women are as easy to read as a kindergarten primer.—DOROTHY DIX.	*J. J. Bruehlman, Republic, Ohio, $2 prize.*
Love will conquer all.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.	*Max Pressman, 1725 Fulton Ave., Bronx, N. Y., $2 prize.*
I'm just a little girl.—TEXAS GUINAN.	*E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.*
I love women.—EDGAR WALLACE.	*Ray W. Frohman, 1131 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.*

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 96

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motor as on rail transportation. It would obviously be unfair to give the railways a monopoly by regulating motor transportation out of existence.

But let us have no illusions about what equal regulation means. It is generally recognized today that our regulation of railways to prevent extra profits in good times means government aid to prevent deficits in bad times. Hence, if the same regulation is to be applied to truck and bus lines, they will eventually demand the same aid. Such is the price of regulation.

▶▶*Democratic Week-End*

WHEN the historians start working on the 1932 campaign they may skim quickly through the Democratic addresses made at the Jackson Day dinner at Washington on January 8. They will stop, however, on reading the informal little speech made by the chairman at the next day's meeting of the Democratic National Committee. "Some one has set up a straw man in the Smith-Raskob-Shouse group that is said to be opposed to Governor Roosevelt for President," Mr. Raskob said. "This is not the case. There is not one thing they have done to interfere in any way with those who very properly are trying to get Governor Roosevelt the nomination." Right now this appears to be the most important as well as the most interesting utterance of the Washington week-end which saw the Democrats decide to hold their 1932 convention in Chicago.

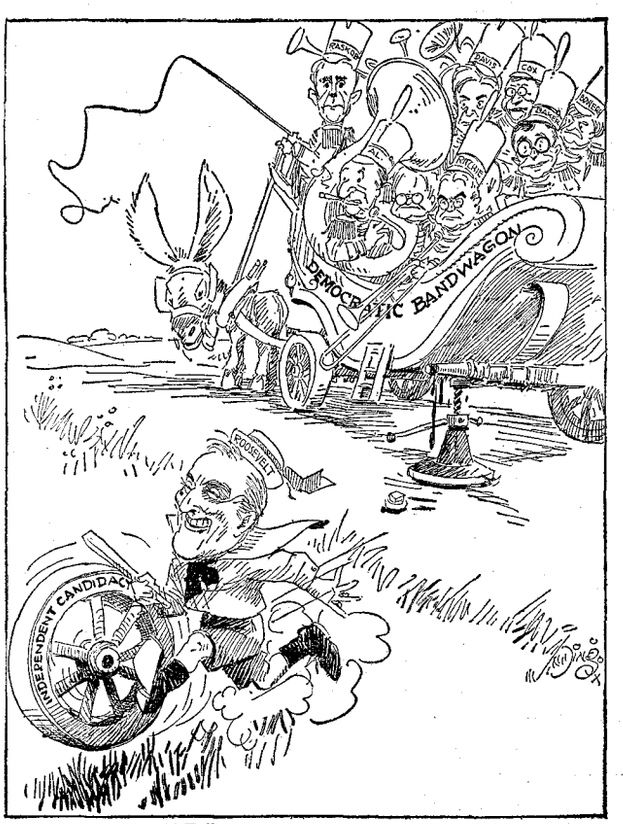
As for the Jackson Day orators themselves, former Governor Smith alone succeeded in talking to the point. Former Governor Cox of Ohio and John W. Davis gave just the addresses expected from them—Cox a rather dull, annotated talk about balanced budgets, Jefferson, Wilson and Magna Charta; Davis his usual bit of oratory, in which he christened the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations the eras of "Dark Betrayal," "Smug Complacency" and "Wild Dismay." Governor Smith, however, came through with pithy phrases and succinct remarks on the problems of today. He favored a Federal building program financed by bonds sold directly to the people.

"Now, if it is all right to put the credit of the government behind business," he said, "let the credit of the government be used to keep the wolf of hunger away from the doormat of millions of people." He suggested that the Federal deficit be reduced by ending prohibition with its $100,000,000 enforcement bill. "Now the $100,000,000 for enforcement is a flea bite," he said. "It is a flea bite. Think of the billion that we are kicking away from us that could come in in taxation while rum, gin, booze and beer are running all over the United States untaxed." Smith may have lost many of his followers since 1932. He has not lost his fire.

▶▶*Toward Federal Aid*

THE orderly army of twelve thousand unemployed men which Father Cox of Pittsburgh recently led to Washington made an impressive picture but provided only an emotional argument for Federal aid for the jobless. Ignore it as Congressmen may, they will find it difficult to ignore the intellectual arguments made before a committee of the Senate, which has just completed its hearings. The testimony on unemployment relief came from expert sources—from welfare directors, the president of the American Federation of Labor, the president of the United Mine Workers of America and many others. Not all of it favored Federal relief at this time, though the bulk of it did. Chairman La Follette points out that "the evidence proved conclusively the urgent necessity for action on the part of the Federal government in affording assistance to cities, counties and states to meet their problems."

One high spot of the hearings was reached when Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania was asked whether he thought the emergency called for relief of a Federal nature. "Emphatically, I do," he replied. His experiences in Pennsylvania aptly illustrate why Federal relief is necessary. Governor Pinchot has attempted, without success, to secure private contributions adequate to care for the suffering. He has attempted, without success, to secure adequate funds from the special session of the state legislature. To what extent he himself may be responsible for this failure is beside the point. The point is that Pennsylvania is not taking care of its own. If it has the means, it simply isn't utilizing them. There are other states which are able but not willing to care for all their destitute, still others which are willing but not able. Federal relief, therefore, comprises the only available way out, and sooner or later this will be realized in Washington.



Ding—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

SOMETHING MISSING FROM THE BANDWAGON

▶▶*In Brief*

IN GRATEFUL memory of Julius Rosenwald, who died on January 6, but not before he had said: "I believe that success is ninety-five per cent luck and five per cent ability." . . . "I invite the Pope to join the Methodist Church," says Bishop Mouzon of North Carolina. And become head of the Methodist Board? . . . . An official of the Veterans of Foreign Wars estimates that if the government were to cash the soldiers' bonus certificates it would increase the circulation of money by $18 per capita. There's another way to do that, too—give each of us $18 . . . . Cheery note, possibly accurate: Surgeon General Cumming of the Federal Health Service says: "In the matter of the most important wealth of the people, their health, the country has never been as prosperous." . . . At any rate, Lemuel B. Schofield, Philadelphia's director of public safety, restored a good word to the American language when he called Secretary of the Navy Adams "a misguided and egotistic little whiffet." . . . Bishop Cannon wants the Democrats to nominate a candidate "who will stand as flat-footed for enforcement as Mr. Hoover"—thereby making himself every bit as popular.

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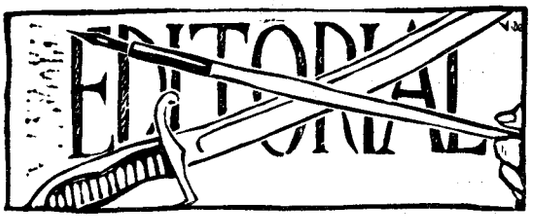
Violence in Hawaii



KIDNAPPING, lynching, mistrials, race prejudice, delayed justice, politics in police departments—all those words and phrases which have been running through the recent newspaper dispatches from Hawaii; where has the United States heard them before? Where else but in the United States? To Americans, a disturbing feature of the rape and murder cases in this American territory must lie in the fact that they hold a mirror up to all the notorious evils in the American system of justice. An integral part of the United States, Hawaii acts accordingly. A review of the details of the two Hawaiian cases which have gripped the attention of America for the past several days will make this manifest. For a satisfactory, if possibly prejudiced, review of the rape case, out of which the killing developed, turn to the report which, on December 23, was sent to Secretary of the Navy Adams from Rear Admiral Stirling, commandant at Pearl Harbor.

ON THE evening of September 12, Admiral Stirling wrote, Mrs. Thomas H. Massie, twenty-year-old wife of a naval lieutenant, walking along a street in Honolulu, was kidnapped, seriously beaten and repeatedly assaulted by five men, four of whom she has identified. Two of the men are Japanese, two Hawaiians and one Chinese. Of these five, Admiral Stirling points out, three had criminal records. Two had previously pleaded guilty to assault and were given sentences of from four months to fourteen years. Both, in the well-known American fashion, were released on parole after serving four months. Thereupon one was speedily granted a full discharge by the Governor of the Territory in order that he might represent Hawaii in an amateur boxing tournament in New York. Of the remaining three men charged with assaulting Mrs. Massie, one has two aliases and is without visible means of support; the trial of another for robbery ended in a jury disagreement and he was permitted to make a compromise plea of assault and battery and to accept a sentence of thirty days. The fifth man had not previously become embroiled with the police.

The trial of the five men began on November 16, two months after the alleged rape. It was just such a circus as murder trials have become in the United States, with expensive lawyers engaged for the defense, the courtroom jammed to the rafters, the newspapers shrieking every detail to the four winds and race prejudice rising steadily until it amounted to hysteria. The outcome was the same old story. The jury deliberated for ninety-seven hours and then announced that there was no hope of agreement on a verdict. All during the trial the five defendants were at liberty on bail, with one of them participating in weekly football games duly chronicled in the sports sections.

MEANWHILE, indignation among the naval forces mounted steadily, as did hostility toward the naval personnel among many of the non-Caucasians in Honolulu. Nor were feelings appeased when the police showed themselves powerless to break up gangs of hoodlums, when the sheriff—an elective official in charge of the police department—confessed himself unable to break up gangs unless they were caught in overt violence, and when one of two escaped convicts committed a second rape. (The police force, says Admiral Stirling, is made up largely of appointees from among the sheriff's political henchmen.) Then, on December 12, one of the defendants was seized on a public street, taken to the country and beaten. He charged that his abductors were Navy men and, though he was unable to identify any one, his statement was widely believed. Needless to say, it stirred feelings still further. By this time matters were heading straight toward a race riot.

The climax came swiftly. On January 8 another of the defendants, one Joe Kahahawai, was kidnapped and murdered. The four persons charged with this crime are Lieutenant Massie, husband of the assaulted woman and member of a prominent Kentucky family; Mrs. Granville Fortescue, her mother, well known in Washington and New York society, and two naval enlisted men, E. J. Lord and Albert O. Jones. It is charged that the four enticed the victim to the Fortescue home, killed him and would have thrown the body into the sea if their car had not been stopped by a policeman. It was this new crime that spread word of Hawaiian conditions into every nook and cranny of the United States, brought about the decision to shorten naval manœuvres to be held off Hawaii in February and resulted in the Senate's order to Attorney-General Mitchell to make a complete investigation.

What the investigation will surely show is, in last analysis, that the American system of justice has followed the Flag to Hawaii. Meanwhile, what is to be done with the defendants in this most puzzling of murder cases? Mrs. Fortescue, presumably, will have to stand trial in the territorial courts. Her son-in-law and the two enlisted men have given notice that they will not seek a Navy tribunal or the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. No one will take seriously the wild talk of the death penalty which the local prosecutor is reported to have demanded. These four individuals were evidently guilty of criminal folly; all the sympathy in the world for their motives cannot eliminate that fact. It is true that they had no assurance that justice would be done to Mrs. Massie's assailants in the territorial courts—every appearance was to the contrary. But that did not entitle them to take the law into their own hands. To say that most of us would have done the same thing is to beg the question.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DESPITE Ambassador Charles G. Dawes's neo-profane denial that he has any idea of opposing President Hoover for the presidential nomination, every worth-while Republican here takes the position that the former Vice-President is a receptive candidate. The cold and curt manner in which he announced his retirement, together with the more or less spontaneous demands that he permit his name to be used both in the East and the West, convince at least the critics of Mr. Hoover that, should it prove opportune, Mr. Dawes would let himself be used as a trial balloon. Even more important than Dawes's own attitude, to our mind, is the reception his quitting has received among G.O.P. politicians, with the exception of those who are committed, out of friendship or fear, to the renomination of the President.

"Thank God!" said a prominent senatorial leader on Capitol Hill. "Where can I get hold of Charlie?"

WE recognize that Mr. Dawes grew weary of his post many months ago, as the British became bored with him. He is not of the diplomatic mold, as his despatches to the State Department show. He was, we hear, quite disgusted with the Administration's wavering attitude on many European problems, and, so his friends say, he did not wish to be associated with Mr. Hoover's foreign program of the next few months. No matter whether one agrees with the fiery Chicagoan or not, he is a fairly straightforward individual. He exhibited these qualities as Vice-President, and in many earlier offices. As chairman of the American delegation to the Geneva parley, he saw that our only object was to renew ancient professions of a desire for disarmament, but not to take the few essential steps which would realize our supposed policies. On the economic side, too, as the author of the Dawes Plan, he recognized that a drastic and dangerous step in favor of reduction or cancellation of reparations and our foreign debts was necessary for the promotion of world-wide recovery, and he found that Mr. Hoover, for all his gestures in this direction, meant to do nothing that would endanger his political safety in a presidential year. So, even though he entertains no presidential ambitions, his retirement had been expected.

Moreover, Mr. Dawes, we understand, felt that he was needed at his bank in Chicago. He figured it was time he got back to his job, and the rise in quotations of his bank stock showed that he was, as ever, a canny business man.

A former Vice-President much more economically minded than Mr. Hoover can hardly be blamed if he deemed it necessary to keep home rather than Hooverish fires burning.

For Mr. Dawes to take the nomination away from the President, barring the latter's unexpected withdrawal, is, to our mind, a political impossibility. We have already told how the President's friends have manipulated the machinery, and rigged the convention scenery, so that Mr. Hoover cannot be beaten within the party. Mr. Dawes, who is an astute politician underneath his bluff of being a forthright business man, knows this. But the Ambassador also knows how strong and widespread is the feeling of dissatisfaction against Mr. Hoover. We happen to know that he has been asked if he would permit his name to go before the voters of Illinois in their presidential primary. He has also received several offers of sufficient funds to finance any anti-Hoover campaign he may care to make. He knows, in short, that the President, for all the nice and soothing things his sycophantic friends and secretariat tell him, is in for a licking unless a miracle occurs between now and November. He realizes that this is no time for prominent and influential office-holders, like himself and Dwight F. Davis, governor general of the Philippines, to be deserting the ship.

Yet he did. By that act he weakened the Administration, and, as he has already discovered, he has given aid and comfort to the President's enemies within and without the party. We doubt if he deludes himself into thinking that he can get the nomination, although we find that everybody looks upon him as a receptive candidate. But his resignation at this hour, together with Vice-President Curtis's decision to stick with Mr. Hoover rather than be defeated in a race for the more humble office of Senator from Kansas, is convincing evidence, in the mind of politicians of both parties, that the President will soon be only a private citizen of Palo Alto—or London, England.

The Democrats have strengthened this conclusion by the unwonted spiri of harmony which they display. It i true that bitterness with respect to per sonalities and prohibition is boiling unde the surface, but, for the first time in a decade, they approach a national convention in a hilariously happy and contented frame of mind. Even so, we detect the prospect of a knockdown-and-drag-out fight over candidates unles Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt car translate his present sentimental suppor into actual possession of delegates before the convention opens.

ALFRED E. SMITH, in the mind of all who follow closely his recent actions and statements, is once more a candidate. Despite Johnnie Raskob's denial that a "little oligarchy," consisting of himself, Mr. Smith and Jouett Shouse, is seeking to block the nomination of the New York governor, Mr. Raskob carefully refrained from giving any comfort to the Rooseveltians. On the contrary, the chairman, by implication, charged that the Roosevelt forces were doing the very thing charged against him, and, he might have added, the charge is correct. If there was any conspiracy and crowding of the mourners' bench at the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee, it was done by the Roosevelt faction in concert with Southern and Western drys. Indeed, ex-Gov. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, though hoping for something to turn up in his behalf, served as floor manager for Mr. Roosevelt.

Gov. Albert C. Ritchie must also be reckoned with. Although he was not included in the formal ceremonies, he made sure that he was seen and shaken hands with by influential Democrats from all sections of the country. Although some thought his parade through the dining hall and to the dais was somewhat ostentatious, there was in it the same spirit of naïveté which marked his frank statement of his willingness to be President. We find, too, that Mr. Ritchie, despite his conservatism, made a good impression on Democrats from the hinterland—personally, a finer impression than did Al himself, for the latter, in the way he spoke rather than in what he said, was not at his best. Whereas the diners hoped for grins and wisecracks from the 1928 nominee, he gave them a bold, liberal program of economic relief, to the obvious discomfort of such rivals as Governor Ritchie and Senator Joe Robinson. Oddly, the loudest cheers came when he spoke of prohibition repeal, proving, once again, that the Democrats would rather quarrel than conquer.

A. F. C.

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The Ballyhoo of Education

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

EDUCATION has climbed aboard the band wagon of modern ballyhoo. Private and public schools have their publicity experts and advertising directors. Hard-eyed, well-spatted young men with the latest-fashioned neckties spend concentrated hours turning out tricky phrases to attract the innocent, good-intentioned parent. Here are some slogans picked at random from school advertisements. "The School With The Personal Touch" reminds me irresistibly of that fabled skin one loves to touch! Another is a "Maker of Men" teaching "How To Learn, How To Labor, How To Live." That's a full-size order for any organization.

When you were in school, don't you wish you could have had "Horsemanship under an instructor of Equitation"? Wouldn't it be wonderful to go to a school where dog-sled teams are a recognized part of the equipment? A "Big Sister Plan" at a school "unusual in its purity of water, light and ventilation" should be a delight in this age of hygiene and sanitation. Think of what you missed by not going to a "camp in the Alleghenies for weekends."

Don't you modern wives and mothers wish you could have had a course in "Servant problems"? Or you might have gone to a school which advertises "Eight separate sorority houses, each completely furnished from living room to kitchen."

In this complicated system of government we call a democracy, perhaps your boy would become a worthier citizen if he could be educated "In The Heart of Old Southern Aristocracy." Isn't it remarkable that "An excellent faculty keeps in constant contact with students"? If you want your heir to keep clean he can go where "all rooms outside and with bath, elaborately equipped," provide the opportunity.

If you're a conscientious parent, you may send your offspring where "visitors are welcome at any time without notice." That's magnanimity! If you want your boy to have sympathetic treatment he may go where there are "friendly men teachers." Health is undoubtedly one of life's biggest blessings, so where "Bracing trade winds blow in from the ocean" should be considered. But in inclement weather, a "whole school under one roof" would have its advantages. They say that one is rated by his appearance, hence a school where "Boys are proud of their uniforms" might be a wholesome influence.

For the ardent girl motorist, a school "at junction of national automobile highways" might be the place. To avoid becoming a square peg in a round hole, she might go where "courses are grouped to develop natural aptitudes."

If you are that rare individual, an optimistic parent, your boys can go where "each boy is treated as a responsible individual." Or perhaps a "summer tan all winter" under glass admitting violet rays will be better. "Humanized" education deserves consideration. "Is America becoming soft?" There's a school which will prevent it in your boy. But why go on? The evidence is overwhelming.

ACCORDING to the figures of the Bureau of Education, there were in this country in 1927-1928 (the latest year for which statistics are available) 2,448 private secondary schools. The last three years have witnessed a great increase in numbers. We won't be far from the truth in assuming 3,000 private secondary schools are in operation today. The ballyhoo is largely evident in secondary schools. Why should there be 3,000 private secondary schools in this land of the free and brave? Shades of Horace Mann! Why do people of moderate income who are already paying heavy public school taxes make sacrifices to send their children to private schools? Few of the general public realize that the amount spent for public education has doubled each decade since 1890.

The ballyhooing of education naturally divides into two angles: the public schools and the private schools. Consider the public school case first. Here we have a vicious situation—the parent, teacher and pupil. The only group in clover in the system is the executive class. The superintendents, principals and supervisors are gods apart, ruling with iron hand. Nevertheless, the supervisors fear the principals, the principal dreads the superintendent and the latter trembles for his job. So perhaps we should say just moderately high clover.

How do they ballyhoo? The superintendent, instead of devoting all his time to educational problems and improving his school system, has to make himself popular with the community. He is always available as a free speaker at community functions. He writes pamphlets setting forth ideals, but force of circumstances prevents an attempt at realization. He deals with dollars and cents, budgets, appropriations. Given half a chance, he works for a new building to which he can point with pride as the result of his administration. The principal follows suit. He has to put on plays, see that athletic teams are up to standard to defend the honor of dear old Skeedunk. He must foster Parent-Teacher Associations, run school fairs, put out a snappy school paper, have a good band and orchestra and make speeches.

Then the "Little Napoleon of Education," the supervisor, irreverently labeled the "snoopervisor" by harassed teachers. He or she is supposed to help the teacher, to suggest methods of improving instruction, and tactfully eliminate poor methods and practices. In reality, to keep their jobs, the supervisors must ballyhoo themselves. They institute projects in the classroom which will make a good display. Then they have the parents invited to see the results! They are demons for statistics, intelligence tests, standardized measurements, the work, of course, being placed on the sloping shoulders of the already overburdened classroom teacher. Then the awe-inspiring sheets of tables, intricate graphs and conclusive summaries which prove nothing are used by the supervisor to stun the principal. Mayhap the principal then lets the superintendent see them to prove what a wide-awake modern system the principal is running.

Now what of the "man with the hoe," the lowly classroom teacher. Do they need to ballyhoo? Can't they devote all their time and energy to actual teaching?

Any teacher, if unafraid, will emphatically answer, "No!" And will tell you a lot more. The average teacher, through

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fear of the job, must "kotow" to the supervisor. He puts on projects that make a show for the parents, while the supervisors usually get the credit. Teachers spend futile hours getting ready for exhibitions. They spend useless hours on useless committees arriving at foregone conclusions. And to keep their jobs, they have to go to summer school.

Worst of all, and most foolish of all, applying equally to public and private schools, is the craze for a string of degree letters after one's name. How wonderful it is to be a "Master" of education. Those magical symbols, "Ed. M." set one apart from a teacher who has only a college degree. And "Doctor" of education!—words fail to describe the homage it brings. The general public, and parents of school children in particular, worship the degree. Within the educational circle there is no worship of degrees, but a complete realization of their ugly importance. College professors must have classes; superintendents point with pride to their personnel who are so interested in the profession that they attend evening and Saturday classes. And teachers, unless they can be pointed to with pride, will soon be seeking other fields to conquer! Hence the circle revolves; the educational factories grind out their degrees.

BEFORE we take up the most flagrant ballyhooing, that of the private schools, let's consider one disease which has stricken both groups. I refer to the mania for testing, standardizing, measuring. A demoniacal statistician is abroad in education. When intelligence tests first became the thing, we used them gladly. All educators realized their ballyhoo value, as well as their potential power as an excuse to irate parents. Isn't it wonderful to be able to say, "My dear Mrs. Doe, we're all most sorry about Johnny's work, but you see, his intelligence quotient is only 112, and he is doing as well as can be expected."

Perhaps Mrs. Doe, after recovering her breath, says, with a dazed expression in her eyes, "But Johnny acts cleverly enough around home. He can get into all kinds of mischief; he is interested in half a dozen good hobbies; he runs a paper route that is making him several dollars a week, and he's a keen little business man. You don't suppose, Mr. Principal, that the teachers may not be a bit at fault?"

The Principal, with a resigned look of toleration, glances at his Doctor of Education degree on the wall. Mrs. Doe looks at it, and begins to shrivel at her boldness.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Doe. One of my hardest tasks is to tell parents that they mustn't expect too much from their children. Not that Johnny is a moron at all. No, indeed. Our tests prove conclusively that the moronic level of intelligence is around 90 1/8. Johnny is above that. But he can never make the 'A' grade in school.

"You see, Mrs. Doe, here is Johnny's graph card. His chronological age is 14, his mental age 14 1/2. Standardized tests prove, however, that he is below normal in his history knowledge and ability to follow exact directions. So don't worry, Mrs. Doe. Johnny is all right for what he is and we will do all we can for him."

Public and private schools are caught in the minotaur's maze of measuring, testing, labelling, graph making, and intelligence quotients. The last five years educators have been assiduously grouping students according to their intelligence quotients. Classes are made up on this basis. But no educator has yet answered the following questions to my satisfaction: If our educational system should prepare for life, and each social stratum of our national society has all levels of intelligence in it, why should we artificially segregate school children? I am convinced that at least part of a successful living today consists in being able to rub elbows with one's fellows without friction. Admittedly, one must do this with people of different levels of intelligence in one's own group. What justification have educators for all this artificial segregation?

Now for the private school situation. According to the figures of the Bureau of Education, during the school year 1927-1928, the latest available, there were 2,576,157 private school students in this country, not including colleges. It is granted, of course, that parents in a free country have the right to educate their children as they wish, provided they help pay the taxes for the public school system. The value of private school buildings and grounds was $515,361,000. The apparatus and furniture was $45,111,000. Endowment funds were $75,376,000.

The amazing growth of private schools since the turn of the century, and particularly since the war, is bewildering to public school officials. There are several causes. In the first place, as a certain class of citizens have acquired money they have developed a desire to "put on the dog." A type of mother enjoys being able to say, "O, my children are at Miss Snob's School. I don't want them to associate with the *hoi polloi.*" This type of mother is not very numerous, but she creates lots of noise.

The biggest reason for the growth of private schools is the ease with which parents can be ballyhooed into believing it is the only thing for their children. The arguments the private schools use are pitifully weak, but charged with dynamite.

I MENTIONED that the amount of money spent for education has doubled each decade since 1890—but the public schools are crowded! Old-fashioned, dark-corridored buildings are still the rule, not the exception. Classes are woefully large. I know a school in a fine Boston suburb where 56 youngsters were in one class. Classes between 30 and 40 are the average in public schools the nation over! With these facts in mind, think of the opportunity for the private schools! Is it any wonder that parents are so easily convinced of the desirability of the private school?

Just consider the argument which can be advanced. Don't you want your children in a fine, new building, scientifically built, with lots of air and sunshine? Don't you think that a class of 10 or 12 is much better than one of 30 or 40? Think of the individual attention your child will receive! In a private school, all his strong points can be fostered. His weak points can be eliminated or strengthened as the case may be, so the schools say.

The private schools can and do give much time to developing physical health and encouraging sports. And parents know, of course, the supreme value of a good body as well as a good mind!

If you want your boy or girl to "make" college, the private school's job is to see that he or she does! More than one school is flourishing today because of its ability to cram enough essential facts into the pupil's head to get him by the college board examinations. It can be done! O yes, I've done it!—with what the public school would call a "dull" student.

Advertising is the life of trade, or the reason for it. You don't suppose all this is done unless it pays, do you? The truth is that parents are peculiarly susceptible to educational ballyhoo, and this

(Continued on Page 90)

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▶▶ Gandhi—Mountebank or Martyr? ◀◀

A Portrait of the Indian Nationalist Leader

By PATRICIA KENDALL

MOHANDAS Karamchand Gandhi is a remarkable man. By inheritance a trader and money lender, by training a Western college graduate and barrister, by self-appointment a saint and leader of the second largest collection of peoples in the world, this shrivelled little man, with the toothless grin and treble voice, whips the East into action and lulls the West into a trance.

More than half of his people emphatically deny him. More than three-quarters of them know nothing of him except that he promises them exemption from taxes and equality with the white races. Yet his jealous rivals and the various leaders of the parties and factions with which Indian politics are fissured and split today await his guiding generalship, and the Viceroy of the largest Empire on earth appeals to him to assist in restoring peace and order in a country two-thirds as large as the whole United States, with three times the American population. Why?

The secret lies deeper than his personal magnetism, which is so intense it amounts almost to hypnotism, but not so deep as the world thinks, for Mr. Gandhi has neither constructive capacity nor prophetic vision. He has never offered a definite plan or program or constitution. His tools are barter and compromise. His weapons are a disarming smile, other men's creeds and the ability to give the other fellow what he thinks he wants.

To understand Mr. Gandhi requires neither insight nor imagination, only patience. In twenty-odd volumes and hundreds of journals Mr. Gandhi has been thinking aloud for many years . . . . in a very versatile fashion. Two secretaries take down every word that falls from the Mahatma's lips. These words are printed in his weekly newspaper *Young India* or incorporated in pamphlets or books. So it is not difficult, only tedious, to discover how a successful lawyer became an æsthetic apostle and militant politician.

Years ago, back in 1891, Mr. Gandhi returned to the land of his birth after finishing at London University and becoming a member of the Inner Temple, oldest of Inns of the Court of England. His stay in India was a dismal failure, so it was brief.

He went to South Africa, where he made a lot of money practicing law. His

professional life was lucrative but his social life was maddening to one who had enjoyed the pleasures of equal privileges in London. South Africa was a white man's colony in a black man's country. Unity and social isolation were their strength and no man of color was permitted to enter the charmed circle.

Mr. Gandhi had had his taste of first-class carriages and high silk hats. He liked them and he determined he wasn't going to give them up. London had given him the legal levers to win his cases as a British barrister, but still the polish he had acquired in English drawing rooms did not open the doors of the South African élite.

FELLOW Indians, who were almost entirely laborers and shopkeepers, hailed him as a conqueror, and American missionaries welcomed him as a prospective convert. The Indian homage was sweet and the missionaries' society was instructive. Mr. Gandhi became champion of the Indians, which paid him in thousands of pounds and thousands of loyal adherents, and a companion of Christians whose creeds he could not accept.

The doctrines of atonement and redemption were diametrical to Mr. Gandhi's Hindu faith, so he rejected them. Some of the teachings of Christ appealed to him, particularly the ones that were akin to those of Buddha, who was assigned a minor place in the Hindu pantheon by the Brahmans because 2,500 years ago Buddha tried to diminish their power and abolish the system of caste. Gandhi's family caste is closely allied with the Jains, the most humanitarian of the Hindu sects, and Gandhi's personal inclinations are toward Buddhism.

According to Mr. Gandhi's autobiography, he compared the life of Christ with that of Buddha and found Christ wanting. Nevertheless, he found it possible to approve many of the teachings of Jesus and yet simultaneously keep faith with his Hindu gods by worshipping such sacred emblems as cows, which he does to this day, drinking goat's milk because all excretions of cows are hallowed. The cow is the Hindu's holy Mother, and this Mr. Gandhi believes and defends, although sometimes *sotto voce*.

From that day to this Mr. Gandhi has borrowed from the Bible when he talks with Christians, gleaned from Buddha when he walks with Buddhists, lived according to his own dictates, but worshipped according to the Hindu laws, whose creeds are elastic and whose gods are many. It was from Tolstoy, however, that Mr. Gandhi took his ideals. His mental mutability was again of service and he used the teachings of Tolstoy to preach "Down with the West and all its inspirations!"

During the twenty years Mr. Gandhi spent in Africa he did excellent work for his fellow Indians. He climbed from the status of an insignificant lawyer to that of a conspicuous labor leader, respected by the British and revered by the Indians. In 1912 G. K. Gokhale, president of the Indian Congress, visited South Africa. In these last few years before his death that greatest of Indian National leaders turned his interests more to social reform than to politics. On this journey to assist in the social betterment of the Indians in the Transvaal, Gokhale met Gandhi, who at first proved cooperative but later unmanageable, for already power had begun to go to his head. To this day, avid ambition has remained Mr. Gandhi's besetting sin.

GANDHI began looking around for new worlds to conquer. Gokhale was old, so Gandhi decided to return to India. This was at the start of the World War, a year before Gokhale's death. Now Gokhale had been sorely troubled by Gandhi's manifest loss of judgment and increasing love of power. He imposed on Gandhi a vow of silence concerning politics for two years. Gandhi kept the letter of the promise, but made dramatic use of his probationary period by traveling about the country and publicizing himself among the people.

This was a new experience, his first coming in contact with the villagers who

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make up the majority of the Indian people, for nine-tenths of the population live in clustered huts or houses, and the major portion of them have never left the immediate area in which they were born. Politics and South African victories meant nothing to them. The peasants are an illiterate, simple people, planting and sowing their rice and grains, worrying about the marriages of their children who must insure their souls by marrying into the proper caste, borrowing and sweating for the money lenders who harass them from the day of birth to the hour of death for their own or their children's marriage feasts, occupied in keeping their caste laws, and paying the Mahatmas, who can curse or bless the faithful, and the Brahmans, who alone can cleanse them of the defiling sin of touching the person or property of a man of lower caste.

It was at this time that Gandhi took a significant step when he went to bathe in the holy Ganges. He returned to wearing the shikha, a tuft of hair on the top of the head by which Hindu gods lift all good Hindus to heaven. The return to the ranks of the faithful helped his prestige but not sufficiently to satisfy him. This was in 1917. Now since 1861 Legislative Councils had been created and Indians had enjoyed increasing power to make laws and to criticize the policies of the Government.

"Progressive Self-Government within the Empire" was the promise of Great Britain, the speed of that progress being dependent solely on the capacity of the people to participate. Advance was necessarily slow, because the citizenry were inarticulate and illiterate. English or vernacular education was free to all, but then, even more than now, the orthodox combated not only their own attendance at schools but even the privilege of schools to the unorthodox, the out-caste and the under-caste.

In spite of these and other equally serious handicaps, literacy steadily increased until today 14 per cent of the men and 2 per cent of the women are primarily literate in one of the 222 vernacular tongues or in English. The men who were educationally prepared to sit in the Councils and constructively criticise the policies of the Government had almost all received their higher training in England. The keener and more progressive minds were therefore learned in both the methods of liberal government and in the processes of blocking as well as expediting these functions. These trained few composed a meager minority of the people, but they were a vocal minority. It was from this small group that the native Congresses and Councils were perforce drawn.

Now Mr. Gandhi was shrewd enough to see that these native councillors did not mingle with the masses of the people. If self-government could progress with greater speed than the education of the people in the rudiments of learning, much less in the polities of state, the powers of selection would rest in the multitudes who were unacquainted with any one who lived beyond their own domain except the Mahatmas, the Brahmans and the tax commissioners. Mr. Gandhi could be neither Brahman nor commissioner, so he became a Mahatma. He discarded his "foibles and fancies of Western dress," donned his loin cloth and shaved his head, and lo! a new Mahatma was made, who walked among the people in a garb they recognized.

The new Mahatma could speak in only one of the native tongues, but he had lieutenants in each locality, and they preached to the people "Pay no taxes!" The people were frightened because all their lives and for thousands of years before them taxes had been a necessary evil of life. They had heard their fathers and grandfathers say that the taxes under the Feringees (British, literally the "Foreigners") were less than in the days of their own rulers—but they had never heard of a life without taxes! But the Mahatma commanded—his lieutenants said so—and the people agreed and some of them kept their promises, but others shook their heads and timidly counted the silver when the collector sent for them.

"No taxes" could hardly be a soft slogan, and word travelled quickly to the Commissioners, who sent for the new Mahatma. He answered them in a weak little voice but in the strong words of Tolstoy, in terms of law. The Commissioners were surprised. They had heard of the South African labor leader, though the peasants hadn't. The Commissioners liked his manner and respected his learning, however unacceptable and impractical were his arguments. He submitted gracefully to their insistences and went to another Province where he repeated his cry, "No taxes!" Mr. Gandhi admits that neither overtaxation nor oppressive collection was the reason for his campaign. His object was "to train the people in resisting authority."

At this critical stage of the war the Viceroy invited the Indian leaders to a War Conference. Mr. Gandhi joined the others in a campaign for recruits, but he made a unique call to arms, saying "If the middle classes render voluntary help to the Government in the hour of trial, distrust will disappear and the law on possessing arms will be withdrawn." Mr. Gandhi has never since ceased to mingle demands for arms for all Indians together with his preachings of non-violence.

When the world war ended, Mr. Gandhi entered the colosseum of the National Congress. The party of no other delegate could compete in size with the multitudes of his adherents, whose hearts he had captured as a saint, not as a politician, and who moved in a body as their Mahatma dictated. These followers he used as a "big stick" in Indian political conferences where his astute and experienced mind was more than adequate to spar with the "Extremists" and the "Moderates." The leaders of both the progressive and the reactionary factions were keenly aware that they had no great mobilized legion behind them. Such men as Tagore, who terms Mr. Gandhi "a medieval reactionary," and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who founded the now decadent Moderate Party, have admittedly been compelled to "sink their convictions before the mob mentality of the Mahatma" or else "strengthen the stranger within the gate."

Now India had its own share of war profiteers. Cotton mills had sprung up overnight and profits had been large. Indian homespun was always at least double the price per yard of Manchester cloth. Economics made Manchester goods attractive. If patriotism could make foreign materials abominated, the Indian mill owners were assured prosperity; therefore, they, too, coöperated with Mr. Gandhi's boycott of government and became the financial backbone of his campaigns. While the right hand of the Ma-

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Boss-Built Westchester

By ALLEN RAYMOND

THE sins of government, the high cost of government, the corruption of government—these are all familiar concepts to the American and other peoples. But government as a community asset, as a source of great financial revenue to its citizens and as a driving force in fostering the public health and happiness is a less widely advertised notion. Hence the significance of what is going on today in Westchester County, New York state, where an able government is attracting increasing attention.

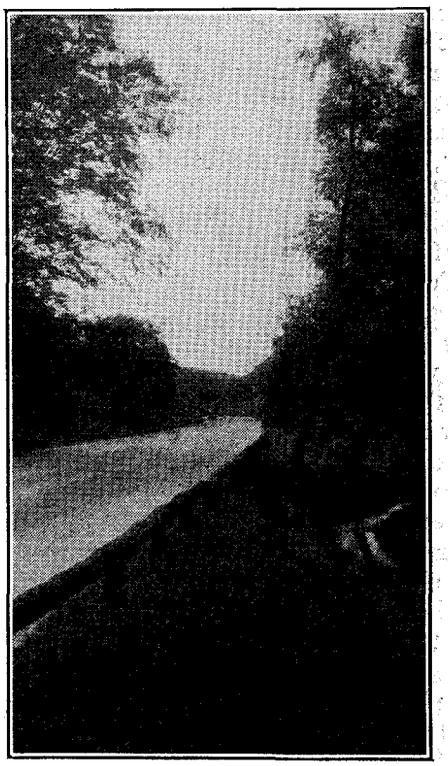
Westchester County comprises about 500 square miles, triangular in shape, with its blunted apex adjoining New York City, a broad base in the foothills of the Berkshires, and the shores of Long Island Sound and the Hudson River for sides. Within it are four cities, eighteen towns and twenty-four villages, with a population greater than that of Delaware, Vermont or Wyoming—some 518,000 people. The assessed valuation of its taxable property is more than two billion dollars, and this valuation has doubled within the last five years. The major factor in making it double has been the county government.

The county government ostensibly is a Republican party government. Actually it is dominated—because the party is dominated—by a little group of conservative, well-to-do citizens led by a picturesque "boss" named William L. Ward. Mr. Ward is a millionaire manufacturer of nuts and bolts. He is a Quaker, an inventor of sorts and a gay dandy whose wardrobe contains about 200 suits of clothes of amazing color combinations. He is a golfing, bridge playing, sociable, lovable old millionaire, seventy-four years old, bursting with energy, brimming over with the love of life and a fondness for politics and people.

LOOKING back on the years immediately following the war, one can see that the staunch Republican stronghold of William L. Ward and his friends, which the "boss" had ruled politically for more than a quarter of a century, was threatened then by more than a political upset, because of the expansion of the county's southern neighbor, New York City.

The masses of Manhattan—all Democratic voters—were rolling like a tidal wave up through the Bronx. Slick contractors were erecting cheap and shoddy flats and two-family homes, jammed in to house these hordes of the poor, with very little if any more regard for the decencies and æsthetics of life than had characterized the landlords of the lower East Side.

All the remaining semi-open land within the city of New York was given over in the 1920's to unrestrained, greedy exploitation, which was fostered, rather than checked, by the city government. To the north lay Westchester, suburban and rural. The onrush of the slums meant the destruction of one of the most pleasant countrysides in the nation; lakes, hills, wandering streams and sandy shores, teeming with historic interest, inhabited by the ultra-rich with their great estates, by a farming population that dated back with pure Yankee Dutch and Huguenot stock to the early seventeenth century, and by New York commuters sufficiently up the economic scale so that they could purchase or rent such things as lawns for their children.



BRONX PARKWAY
A fine, landscaped boulevard

The oncoming tide of the city's poor meant certain and permanent defeat for Mr. Ward's political party. That party stopped it. The fundamental character of its area and people was saved by the process of government. With one political machine in control of all the local governments, starting in 1922, each locality began to zone its region, laying down definite places where industrial structures should be placed, others where apartments might be built, others where individual homes might lie, and even backing by local law the specifications of high-class residential building. This community planning was not done for the moment only. Permanent planning boards sprang up, which mapped out where highways and parks should be, plotting the development of the countryside for years to come.

Government stepped in and said to individual initiative in the real estate business, "This is the way the land shall be developed."

And when the plan was made, it was evident to everyone that Westchester was going to be a "high-class" residential county, with industry practically barred and rigorous restrictions on tenements. Through the agency of the county government, the dominant political machine, representing the wishes of a conservative, property-owning minority, stepped into the real estate business as a super-developed corporation. It deliberately invested millions of dollars, borrowing the money and pledging the revenues of future taxation, to acquire open spaces for parks, playgrounds, public golf courses, swimming pools, casinos and camp grounds, to raise the value of all property within the county.

Within seven years it invested sixty million dollars in building the Westchester Parkway system, creating 165 miles of fine boulevards, bordered by lawn and trees, constructed with a minimum of crossings; roads to accommodate fast-moving automobile traffic, where bridges, filling stations and all conveniences of motor transit were erected with an eye to beauty as well as utility.

It invested fifty-five millions in a great trunk sewer system, with disposal plants strategically located, opening up to realty development mile after mile of meadow and farmland.

What the government did to heighten real estate values may be judged from the taxation revenue the county used to receive from land within its borders, and what it receives today. Fifteen miles from the Grand Central station in New York City is a station called Fleetwood. At this point the Bronx River Parkway runs between the railroad tracks and a group of new apartment buildings. Due to the parkway system, the tracks and station are shielded from the view of the apartments. The Bronx River,

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cleared of tin cans and refuse which used to clog its course, and bordered by two ample lawns, ripples musically on its southward way.

BEFORE the coming of the county-built parkway, land in this locality sold for four and six-tenths cents a foot. As the parkway was being built the county obtained land for it at about eight cents a foot. You cannot buy land there today for three dollars a foot.

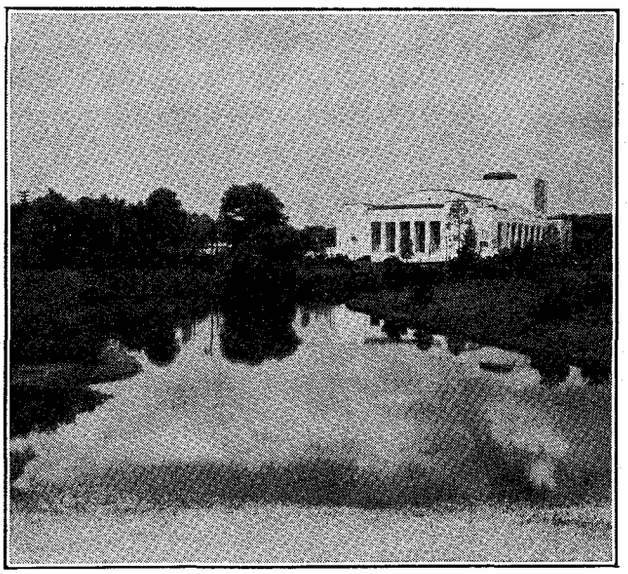
In 1922 the taxes which the county and local governments received from 8.02 acres of land at this point amounted to $571.95. Today that same land yields taxes of $39,078.55, according to the last annual tax bill and the owners are not at all averse to paying it. The bulk of their property values, on which they draw their present incomes, has been created for them by the county government. Their wealth was non-existent before the government developed their region into a high-class apartment area.

Fine motor boulevards and big trunk sewers are not the only things which the county government has built to double the assessed valuation of land within the county in the last five years. It has spent many millions of borrowed money on playgrounds and is believed to be the only county in the United States which operates swimming pools, bathing beaches, amusement parks, golf courses, baseball fields, cinder tracks, gymnasiums, a little theatre, dance halls, concert halls and restaurants at a profit to the public treasury. Yet fees in all these things average lower than those of their strictly commercial competitors. The county government, then, is in the amusement business as well as the real estate business, and no cry of "socialism" arises from the conservative property-owning citizens who have been buying into the county by thousands in the last ten years.

"We drew up our enabling act for the operation of parks so broadly that we can do about anything under it except operate transatlantic liners," one of the politicians of the dominant machine told me.

Hence the acquisition and operation within the last seven years of the following amusement resorts for the public: Kingsland Point Park in North Tarrytown, with a modern bathhouse, beach, parking and picnic grounds; Tibbets Brook Park in Yonkers, with an outdoor swimming pool and picnic grounds; Glen Island Park in New Rochelle, with bathhouse, beach and casino, including restaurant and dance hall where a nationally known orchestra broadcasts nightly; Playland, at Rye Beach, a semi-commercial amusement park which used to be a shabby edition of Coney Island and today is a model of scenic and horticultural beauty as well as a place of uproarious gayety for the masses as well as the classes.

The public has obtained four eighteen-hole golf courses, beautifully kept up and so popular through fine weather that players have to be started from the first tee as systematically and frequently as trains from a metropolitan railroad station. Some miles of forest preserves, dotted with log cabins and outdoor ovens and crisscrossed by hiking trails and bridle paths, have been acquired at Woodlands Park, Silver Lake and Poundridge.



WESTCHESTER COUNTY CENTER
An auditorium equipped for production of grand opera

THAT these things add to the value of property within the county goes without saying. The method of their acquisition is a bit more notable. They were bought by trusted officers of the county government privately and without recourse to the usual condemnation proceedings that have entailed great governmental expense in the building of public works elsewhere.

"All you need is honest officials," according to William L. Ward, the political leader. Westchester politicians, even those in opposition to the dominant machine, declare uniformly that no public funds have ever stuck to the fingers of the buying agents and that no purchases have been tarred with profit to the group that has ordered them.

Land for the Poundridge forest preserve was bought four years ago for $78 an acre as an average price, and today land all around it is selling in the neighborhood of $1,000 an acre. Westchester County, therefore, has become the realtors' paradise and the government, by fostering realty development, has automatically attached to its supporters an overwhelming majority of the property owners.

"The recreation of the citizens is properly a charge upon government," according to Mr. Ward. "Supervised play for both children and adults means less county expense for jails and hospitals."

Therefore the County Recreation Commission is just as much a part of the county government as is the sheriff and tax collector. The center of its work, the County Center, is an imposing building facing the Bronx River Parkway at White Plains. It contains an auditorium seating 4,700 persons, a little theatre seating 450, a large exhibition hall for art shows, and several auxiliary rooms for minor meetings.

All the recreation work installed thus far has cost the county very little in funds, and the noise which the activities make in the New York press is recognized within the county as representing advertising beyond price for the desirability of living in Westchester. Last year's recreation budget was only $89,912. Activities which were self-supporting, or almost self-supporting, brought in $51,415.

The idea of self-supporting governmental institutions runs through Westchester government to the extent that its county prison, a great farm supplying the county hospitals and coöperative prison shops is self-supporting in some years, and almost that in others. So does the idea of having non-political experts at the head of important activities of government. Last year the county installed a county health service, designed to pioneer along the lines of raising community health standards. Although the government is Republican, it obtained the services of Dr. Cortlandt Nicoll, who at that time was head of the New York State Health Department, and who is a Democrat, to operate this new health service.

Little more than a year ago the county decided to centralize its probation system and create a model for other

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Back-to-the-Land Fallacies

By WHEELER McMILLEN

THE indispensable materials of life are few and simple. A few square yards of cloth, a thousand meals and a plain house will suffice to maintain a human being through the year in warmth, without hunger and without exposure to the rain and snow. If we never wanted more than these we might never need be without them. We do want vastly more, and have therefore created an enormously complicated industrial and commercial machine to supply ten thousand supposed necessities and luxuries that our forbears may also have needed but didn't know were essential to happiness.

While this big machine whirred smoothly on, we complained only that we couldn't get enough of its products. We took for granted security and the fundamental necessities. After it creaked, coughed and broke down, we suddenly realized that three meals a day, some garments and a roof overhead are really rather basic to existence. To the unfortunate millions whose incomes stopped as the industrial machine slowed up, these simple necessities of living have become matters of such desperate importance as to galvanize the entire nation into sympathetic action. The first frosts of two autumns have found every city organizing its powers and funds to make sure that no American shall suffer from starvation or exposure.

Only city people have needed "unemployment relief." Apartment buildings not only collect cash rent, but have no potato patches. When the flat dweller runs out of cash he soon runs out of everything else. Farm relief never has meant that farmers were short of food and security. The man on the land always seems, to city people at least, to have a free and endless supply of food, a permanent shelter and some means of being clad.

Very naturally the thought has occurred to many of the unemployed that their troubles would end if they could gain possession of a piece of land. The same idea has occurred to the people who write letters to newspapers, and even to one publisher with enough influence to induce his Congressman to introduce a bill to establish the jobless on the land by liberal appropriation of other people's money.

The reasoning goes something like this: "The farmer doesn't have to worry about rent, because he owns his place. He raises his own fruit and vegetables, puts up his own meat, gets milk and eggs from his cows and chickens. He enjoys perfect security. So why would it not be wise and feasible to put the unemployed on farms where they can at least always make a living"?

Well, why wouldn't it? Any possessor of a big enough piece of tillable soil, if able and willing to work, and if he knows what to do, will not need to starve. The earth, with proper encouragement, will yield food for man, beast and bird; man can also eat the beast and bird. His house comes out of the earth, likewise the materials for his clothing.

Since the founding of the republic, each Federal census has revealed an increasing proportion of people living in the towns and cities. The exodus to cities has been especially notable since the turn of the century. The net movement for 1926 was officially estimated at 649,000. Population experts report, however, the probability that the net movement in 1931, for the first time in decades, will be found to have been away from the cities. This indicates simply that workers who left the farms when the economic thermometer was high in the cities are on their way back home again, back where spareribs and potatoes don't come in paper bags. Thus, without any official encouragement, large numbers of the unemployed are returning to the farms. No better evidence might seem to be required to prove that a "back to the land" movement for the unemployed would be sound policy.

But better evidence is necessary. The families now leaving the cities are simply going home. Some own land. Others have relatives or friends who are able to make places for them in the domestic farm economy. The return of the native is a relatively simple procedure. Even if he owns no land and has no relatives, the former farmer may find work as a farm hand or share renter.

The jobless urbanite without a personal farm background is another problem. The fact that his grandfather may have been a farmer, whether in Iowa or in Europe, is of no avail. He is profoundly ignorant of what has become literally a learned occupation. He is probably destitute of capital. Land and farm equipment require money as well as knowledge. To return to the land is one thing; to go to the land, when one has never been there before, is quite another. "Back-to-the-land" is an accurate term only if applied to those reared on the farms.

THE traveler over these states, whether he stare out a train window, gaze through a windshield, or peer downward from an airplane, is impressed by the tremendous expanse of area. Land there is, in plenty—a billion nine hundred million acres of land, more than nine hundred millions in farms. A billion acres not in farms! Most of which never will be, for they are in mountains, irreclaimable deserts and swamps, in cities, or in land too infertile to grow more than brush if anything at all. Practically all the land in the United States worth occupying for agricultural purposes is in private hands.

Plenty of it is for sale, however. While no reliable estimates are available, even of the amount in the hands of unwilling owners through foreclosures, the quantity is ample. Averages are more or less meaningless, but may be used here to illuminate this question of getting farms for the jobless. The average size of farm in the United States is 145.1 acres. The average value of land per acre is $40.81. The average value per farm of land, buildings and other necessary property is $8,949 (1925 census figures). The average net income per farm in recent years, after paying operating costs, wages to hired labor, interest and taxes or rent, has been around $880. This is the reward for the operator's capital, management and labor. It does not include the meat, vegetables, milk, eggs, sunshine and bird songs the family may have en-

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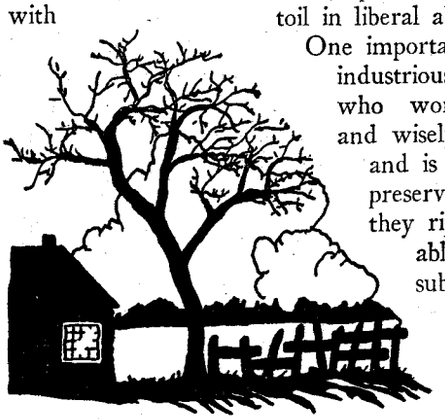
joyed. (Parenthetically, this income estimate is a gross libel upon the typical modern business farmer. But this is not his story.)

These figures would indicate, then, that to equip himself equally with the present average farmer, the unemployed man headed back to the soil would need cash and credit to the extent of $8,949. If any one wants to move a million families to the land, there would be the simple matter of finding $8,949,000,000 in cash and credit! No one expects, of course, that the back-to-the-lander would grade at the start as even an average farmer. From practical necessity, he would have to set up on a basis of less land and lower capital investment. His first thought is subsistence rather than profit.

The chicken business, for instance, always lures the urbanite. A chicken farm doesn't need 145 acres. At Vineland, New Jersey, is a White Leghorn community where, according to actual records, people from nearly every common walk of life except undertaking have tried the poultry business. Successes are numerous. That city people can, without previous experience, make a living with chickens is fully and abundantly proved, but more frequently disproved! Vineland, which has seen them come and go for years, reports that one success for two failures is about the record. Even here, capital is essential, for a thousand hens are regarded as a minimum to produce a "good American living," and an investment of nearly five dollars a bird is considered necessary to establish the business soundly. The fellow who buys a chicken farm for $500, with $75 down, such as real estate advertisers sometimes offer, usually has to take his profit in experience.



The prime fallacy of back-to-the-land enthusiasts who do not know farming is their belief that farm products used by the family do not cost anything. As mentioned a moment ago, no land worth having is free. When Mr. and Mrs. and the children settle themselves on the soil—we'll say on twenty acres, which is about the minimum for any possibility of making a living except for experts—they will have either rent or taxes to pay. Before any of that nice fresh milk can be enjoyed from their own cows, from fifty to a hundred dollars will have to be planked down for each cow. Since a cow's lactation period is usually about nine or ten months, two cows are desirable for a family, and necessary if milk and butter are to be had all year around. Each cow has to be fed—she is after all only a sort of factory for turning hay and grain into milk. These raw materials for a year will cost almost as much as the cow, unless produced on the farm. To raise the feed, the several acres to be cultivated will require more than man power—either a horse or garden tractor. Fuel for the tractor requires cash, food for one horse demands three acres devoted to feed crops. Pig feed also has to be raised or bought if there is to be pork for the table. Chicken feed sounds trivial, but the bill for feeding even a small flock daily for a year reads like important money, especially if one hasn't much. The vegetables can't be grown without seed, fertilizers, insecticides, fungicides and much energetic labor. In short, no products of a farm are entirely without cost.

The ideal arrangement for the back-to-the-farm family is an additional source of cash income. A sufficiently energetic or ingenious person may be able to pick up a little cash by common labor, road work or in some form of service for more fortunate residents of the community. His patch of land can be coaxed to produce in proportion to the knowledge and labor applied. If some one in the family will earnestly learn the peculiarities of soils and plants, the necessary knowledge is not hard to acquire. Government and state experiment station bulletins will supply the sources. Then it takes work, plain, honest, everyday toil in liberal abundance.

One important requisite is an industrious wife. A woman who works industriously and wisely in the garden, and is alert to can and preserve the products as they ripen, is indispensable to satisfactory subsistence on a small piece of land. Any other kind of a wife is a liability to the back-to-the-lander.

The cash return that may be expected from surplus production depends upon the family, the land, the location, the markets and upon the ingenuity and salesmanship developed. I have known men to become well-to-do on ten or twenty acres and go broke on a thousand. I know of a farmer with eighty acres in Ohio who has reported a net income in excess of $8,000 year after year. This man would probably net more than a hundred dollars an acre if confined to a smaller tract. But he knows his farm products and markets from years of experience.

A Georgia farmer recently expressed his considered opinion that the way to make money on a farm is not to try it. He remodelled his farming system some years ago with the primary purpose of getting a good living for his household, planning the whole program to provide first of all what was needed for home consumption, with only enough of cash crops to exchange for such necessities as had to be purchased. Now he is prosperous, having learned to spend little, while expanding somewhat his market crops.

THE adversities of colonization efforts are very familiar to Hugh MacCrae, a distinguished resident of Wilmington, North Carolina, who over a long period of years has expended freely of money, genuine intelligence and unremitting effort to establish settlers on the fertile lands near Wilmington. Here a highly productive soil lies in a favored area where rain is plentiful and sunshine abundant over an extremely long growing season. Mr. MacCrae has literally combed the world to bring to his lands the right kind of people. Japanese, Scandinavians, Italians and Hollanders are only a few of the nationalities represented. Thirty-acre tracts, ready for cultivation, are offered on most reasonable terms. Mr. MacCrae rates one of his colonization efforts as a success and others as failures. The fact that one group has become well established on a profitable basis is attributed almost entirely to the human factor—here enough of people with the right kind of competence has been assembled.

MacCrae's experiment, in which perhaps more sound, long-range planning was blended with favorable natural factors than ever in any similar effort, indicates that any violent plan to transport masses of unemployed from cities to the land would probably be destined to failure. To find areas of as suitable soil or to create a better organized plan would be difficult. Yet the stubborn fact remains that a man on the land can subsist, and usually does; although nearly every rural county in the United States collects taxes regularly to support the poor, not all of whom by any means are disabled. If indefinite continuance of present conditions were anticipated, even some sort of mass removal to the country of those who can not find work might be better than for

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Air Chief Foulois—Pioneer Pilot

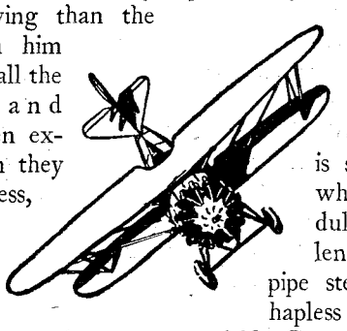
By C. B. ALLEN

THERE is an ancient adage to the effect that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Either the Army's new chief of Air Corps, Major-General Benjamin Delahauf Foulois, is the exception proving this rule or else the precept doesn't apply to old air dogs who insist on *teaching themselves* the new tricks that develop in their trade. In any event, General Foulois, as head of all the country's land-based flying forces, is no more an "armchair airman" than he was as pilot of the Army's first airplane in 1910 and is nearly as full of new ideas and enthusiasm now as he was then.

Of course the intervening years have mellowed the man and brought discretion, but they have served merely to temper, without dulling, his ardor for aeronautical pioneering. Consequently he pilots his own plane wherever he goes and cannot be dissuaded from taking flying risks as great or greater than those braved by the men under him. On this score his notions are quite positive; he feels it a personal obligation to know at first hand the hazards his "boys" are up against and to face with them those that cannot be eliminated.

A possibly incredulous public woke to this fact last spring through brief press dispatches from Washington and Dayton, O., announcing that General Foulois alone of a group of several pilots who set out from the Capital to keep an Ohio rendezvous for the 1931 air maneuvers had succeeded in penetrating an Allegheny fog and reaching his goal. The list of those who had turned back read not unlike an aeronautical Who's Who and, until the facts came out, certain of the cynical were inclined to believe that the thing had been staged as a "stunt" to focus the limelight on General Foulois. Once the truth was known it was simple. The General, with his characteristic flair for keeping abreast or even ahead of the times, had seen to it months before that his ship was equipped with the latest devices for "blind" flying. This is a field that most old-timers are content to leave to the younger generation of birdmen, but General Foulois had been out practicing at every opportunity to develop the knack of navigating through fog. His companions on the Washington-Dayton takeoff lacked confidence both in their instruments and themselves when they began to encounter thick weather over the mountains and very wisely turned back.

Foulois was inclined to minimize his own performance by saying that he "blundered along" so far and got himself so badly involved in the mountains and fog before realizing the seriousness of his position that it was "easier to go ahead than to turn around and try to get home again." He also pointed out that his plane was more elaborately equipped for "blind" flying than the others that started with him (although these possessed all the essential instruments) and therefore might have been expected to go ahead when they turned back. Nevertheless, the "Old Man's" stock as a pilot went up tremendously in and out of the Air Corps when he dropped from the mists on the western slope of the Alleghenies and winged into Dayton—alone and on time.



It was common gossip in the Army during the Air Corps maneuvers that certain of Foulois's enemies in the service had been instrumental in placing him at the head of the unprecedented mobilization of men and planes on the theory that any one charged with the responsibility of such a tremendous undertaking was bound to "come a cropper." Statistics "leaked out" opportunely to the press to show that the law of averages called for the loss of a dozen or so pilots in a flying operation as extensive as that contemplated. Apparently it was the belief of those hostile to Foulois that any appreciable loss of life in peacetime maneuvers, even though it was "in the cards," would result in a hue and cry from the public, making a "goat" of him and effectively ruining his chances of promotion from assistant chief of Air Corps to his present position.

CERTAIN it is that when these sanguinary predictions failed to materialize in a single casualty and the maneuvers themselves were hailed as a glorious success the Air Corps chuckled over the "plot" that had turned boomerang by making the Foulois appointment inescapable. Unquestionably there is some basis for all these rumors of intrigue gone wrong, for Foulois's promotion to a brigadier-generalcy and the job of assistant chief of Air Corps three years ago was held up several weeks, presumably because of the same unfriendly influences—which are in no wise unusual to "Army politics."

Although General Foulois is the last of the Army's original airmen still in active service and therefore one of its traditionally most picturesque figures, he is far from the dashing and spectacular type so often associated with the early days of aviation. A mild little man with a bald head and a service-worn briar pipe that seems equally as much a part of his personality, he belies entirely the strain of daredeviltry popularly ascribed to and generally present in the pioneer pilot. He is not given to hasty decisions, is slow to wrath and even when "riled" does not indulge in anything more violent than to bite through his pipe stem. But woe betide the hapless individual who drives the amiable General to such extremes—for he loves his pipe and the outcome is like to be serious!

Foulois was born at Washington Depot, Conn., December 9, 1879, and was one of the most youthful volunteers of the Spanish-American War, in which he became a non-commissioned officer at the age of eighteen. He liked the military life so well that he transferred to the regular army and was sent to the Philippines, where he participated in twenty engagements against the natives, finally winning his commission as a second lieutenant. In those days he was one of a trio of young officers who dubbed themselves the "Three Musketeers" and who, curiously enough, now all occupy positions of high rank at Washington—Foulois as chief of Air Corps, Robert U. Patterson as surgeon general of the Army and Irving J. Carr as chief of the Signal Corps.

Following his return from the Philippines young Foulois attended the Army Signal School at Fort Leavenworth in 1906 and thereafter was transferred from the infantry to this branch of the service, spending a year in Cuba with the Army of Pacification and winning the War Department's commendation for mapping some 1,800 square miles of the island. There are two stories to account for his selection as one of the Army's first "aeronauts"—one that he was picked because of an essay on the future of aviation in military strategy during his Leavenworth days, the other that he was chosen chiefly because he was a "lightweight," tipping the scales at 140 pounds or less—a serious consid-

(Continued on Page 95)

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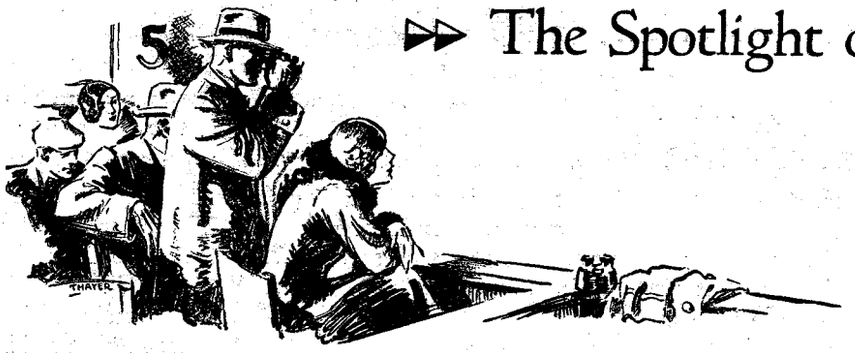
The Spotlight on Sports



Number One Boy

HERE's refreshing candor! Ellsworth Vines, writing a syndicated article, ranks America's ten best tennis players and puts himself first. Of course he belongs in the number one niche, but hitherto false modesty has caused champions to omit their own names when computing similar rankings.

Even Bill Tilden, who scarcely could he called overmodest, usually gave hostages to convention by forgetting to rank himself. Certain cynics construed that omission as a lordly gesture implying—"No need to tell you who ranks first."

Of Vines, who has decided to forego his classes at the University of Southern California in March and start on a prolonged tennis junket which will take him from Honolulu to Auteuil via Wimbledon, it can be said that this gawky, hollow-cheeked young giant has a glittering tennis future.

Vines combines the baseline driving talents of a Larned with the net-storming gifts of a McLoughlin. He still lacks Cochet's uncanny deftness of touch and knack of "clearing his feet," but his temperament is ideal. Vines doesn't worry or fret. His poker mask conceals elation and chagrin. He can raise his game to meet a crisis.

Though Nature cut Tilden out for a volleyer, Bill has never been happy in forecourt. Vines can fight a long-range duel or come to grips at the net with equal facility. He should be America's Davis Cup reliance for many years to come.

Holcombe Ward, Davis Cup committee chairman, wired Vines to reconsider and finish out his college course. Ward dreaded the insinuations that might crop out from the boy's decision not to let studies interfere with tennis. The committee has been criticized in the past for keeping school and college boys on the Davis Cup treadmill during seven months of the year.

"Thanks for the advice," Vines responded, "but college can wait. Travel is broadening. I'll get more of an education by visiting Honolulu, London and Paris than I would by hanging around Los Angeles."

Ethically, Vines may be wrong; from a practical standpoint he is right. In these days of economic distress, when there aren't enough jobs to go around, a young man just out of college finds every office door slammed in his face. At the risk of sounding mercenary, I suggest that Vines capitalize his tennis genius for all that the traffic will bear. Tilden could tell him how.

Vines need not turn "pro" to live handsomely off tennis while entertaining thousands and striking lusty blows for his country's honor. This is no time for high-sounding idealism. Even an amateur must eat. Cynicism aside, a tennis genius such as Vines can contribute more toward human happiness by pursuing his hobby than by joining the superfluous army of would-be bond sellers. If he happened to beat Monsieur Cochet he might even be able to buy himself a bond!

The Slump in Golf Receipts

CAN THE EFFECT of Bobby Jones's competitive retirement upon the U. S. G. A. treasury be appraised in dollars? To some degree it can. Treasurer Charles H. Sabin's annual report shows a decrease of $30,000 in gate receipts at the two major championships last summer after Bobby had turned reporter. Here are the figures:

	1930	1931
National Amateur	$27,660	$6,915
National Open	23,283	12,701

It would be less than fair to attribute the entire disparity to Jones's absence. The cumulative strain of the depression played some part in the diminishing attendance. The falling off is so pronounced, however, as to lead inevitably to the conclusion that golf enthusiasts don't care to pay two or three dollars admission fee unless they can get an eyefull of Bobby Jones's syrupy swing. The overwhelming size of his personal galleries indicated that the public was more interested in getting a mass lesson in golf from the supreme master than it was in the competitive angle.

Note particularly the tremendous slump in attendance at the Amateur championship. Such professionals as Hagen, Farrell, Sarazen, Burke, Armour, Diegel and Mac Smith have considerable drawing power, but the public is cold to the amateurs now that it's no longer a case of Bobby against the field.

Dance Marathon

JOIE RAY, when these lines were written, had been dancing practically continuously for eighty days and eighty nights—the span of time it took Phineas Fogg to girdle the globe!

Have you forgotten cocky Joie? He is the chesty little amateur distance runner from Chicago who ran more miles under 4.20 than any other human being ever did. It seems only yesterday that Ray was matching his short, choppy dog-step against Paavo Nurmi's long swinging stride on the banked board track at old Madison Square Garden. Ray broke 4.13 one night, but never could quite catch the Phantom Finn.

Ray was a natural braggart—a swashbuckler after Foster Sanford's own heart. Joie could see no virtue in reticence. Blow your trumpet, was his motto. "Watch me pin his ears back," Ray would tell reporters before a race—said "ears" belonging of course to his chief rival. "I'll take him for a joy ride." Until Nurmi hove in sight with his stop-watch sense of pace, his tractor-like stride and his vertical running posture, Joie Ray used to make good those boasts. Chestiness, when allied to ability, is a box-office asset. Half the crowd came to cheer Joie and the other half to jeer him. The scoffers' money was just as good.

All that happened five years ago. "The Great Ray," as Joie used to style himself, is now reduced to foxtrotting around a dance-room floor month after month in company with music hall girls, tattoo-frescoed sailors and seedy soldiers of fortune. Joie, once pride of the swank Illinois A. C., has descended to marathon dancing. As I write, he swings into his eighty-first consecutive day of foxtrotting in Tokio Gardens, a framed structure outside the deserted-looking carnival grounds of Dreamland Park.

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Ray and his partner, Alice Krug, a nineteen-year-old "taxi-dancer," started this grind on October 22 against a big field. Only nine couples survive. The rules call for forty-five minutes of dancing per hour, night and day, with fifteen minutes intermission for sleeping and eating. Ray looked to be in a perpetual doze. His face was haggard; his sunken eyes bloodshot, his mouth drawn.

▸▸*Professional Stalling*

STALLING is the latest caper in professional hockey—a rather incongruous performance when you consider that hockey is an amusement enterprise conducted for profit.

Irritated by the alleged ultradefensive tactics of the New York Americans, Charles Adams, owner of the Boston Bruins, commanded his hired men to gather about their goal in a recent game at Madison Square Garden and content themselves with lobbing the puck up the ice.

"I want you to give New York City spectators a taste of the defensive stalling which the Americans employ when they come to Boston," was Adams's last-minute instructions to his team. "If any one of you takes a shot at the New York goal he will draw a stiff fine! Not until you've sent at least sixty long flips up the ice into New York territory from your zone of defense will I allow you to follow up aggressively. We're going to pay back the Americans in their own coin."

Adams kept his word. The Garden resounded with catcalls, hoots and booes, as the Boston players "cleared" their goal sixty times by simply skying the rubber disc up the ice. It was a dull, drab exhibition, but as a retaliatory measure it satisfied Hub officials. Perhaps the conservative New Yorkers have learned their lesson, but what about the public which supports hockey because of its supposedly spectacular qualities? A few more such "revenge parties" may kill the not so golden goose.

Deliberate "turtlenecking" can ruin a hockey match. If one team draws into its shell and congregates about its cage with a try-and-score attitude, the game slows down to a walk. Unhappily such safety-first tactics, varied by an occasional sudden raid, are apt to be effective, for hockey games are lost rather than won.

Hockey, as a spectacle, depends on give-and-take, thrust and riposte, attack and counter-attack. Stonewalling can only be made strategically unprofitable by widening goal. GEORGE TREVOR.

▸▸ Notable Music ◂◂

▸▸*Concerts of the Week*

THE most noteworthy event of the past musical week in New York was the performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Koussevitzky's baton, of Sibelius' Fourth Symphony, acclaimed by many musicians as the Finnish master's greatest work. The writer is in unqualified agreement with this estimate, and feels disposed to go still further by saying that he knows of few works of the past twenty years which possess the largeness of conception, the sweeping eloquence and the intensely individual flavor which this symphony reveals in such full measure.

When Jan Sibelius, at his home in the mighty forests of his native Finland, composed this work, he was under the spell of Nature to such a degree that the music may almost be said to be Nature herself, the goddess with whom he daily communes. In celebrating her, he gives himself no concern whether the style in which he works be ancient or modern—he simply writes music. His Fourth Symphony shows us Nature, magnificent, gloomy and austere. No element of sensualism invades these terse, sombre and astringent pages, orchestrated with an economy of means which makes every note count to the full. To the hearer who is repelled by the lack of facile surface appeal, we would recommend these lines by Walt Whitman:

"Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first;
Be not discouraged—keep on—there are divine things, well envelop'd;
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell."

THE symphony, if you will, is pessimistic; its finest movement, the Largo, carrying a suggestion of titanic yet abortive human striving against irresistible natural forces. Joyless, too, is the unforgettable close of the final movement; the music seems to grow gradually thinner and more remote till it fades away into the cold and the greyness.

The performance, while not a perfect one, had many fine qualities. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with an evident affection for the work. His tempi were admirable throughout and he built up climaxes of genuine power, as distinguished from mere volume.

The other numbers were three delightful little Corelli pieces, well done, and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, which received a reading refined to the point of tameness. There was also a suite of lighter character by Frid, which, perhaps, did not get a fair hearing from an audience jaded by two important symphonies and the heavy air of Carnegie Hall, whose management should, some day, do something about its ventilation.

EARLIER in the week the Philadelphia Orchestra placed on its program Stravinsky's new violin concerto, equipped with an elaborate "blurb" from its composer, who modestly descants upon his own vast powers of concentrating an immense amount of thought into the short duration of this latest work; he also inveighs against the older composers who, alas! were less gifted than himself in this respect. Unfortunately, to many hearers, the concerto seemed less a case of *multum in parvo* than of *parvum in parvo*. It is said that Mr. Samuel Dushkin, who played it, has obtained the exclusive rights of performance for two years. He has all our good wishes, but very little of our envy.

Mr. Stravinsky, in another recent literary effort, has emitted the pronunciamento that he finds Wagner's music unimportant. As many of his readers undoubtedly possess a certain sense of humor, this statement should add considerably to the gaiety of nations.

THE Philharmonic, in a concert well conducted by Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, gave a program which included Beethoven's Second Symphony and Schönberg's sextet, *Verklärte Nacht*, in a string orchestra version. It is significant that the latter piece is gaining friends steadily in contrast to the waning vogue, with the musical public, of the later Schönberg and his cult. *Verklärte Nacht* is the music of youth—at that time Schönberg possessed enthusiasm, emotion and the thrill of beauty, beside an already vast technique which enabled him to embody these qualities in music of piercing and abiding loveliness.

One of our local critics, in reviewing this piece, has described it as "derivative" music. If this be so—why, then, let us all try to be more "derivative."

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

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The Latest Plays

TRUTH in advertising having become such a rare quality, the term "all-star cast" has not only lost its proper meaning almost entirely but has frequently come to connote the absence of anybody any one ever heard of in a play. However, if it's names you want, *The Devil Passes*, the prolific Benn W. Levy's latest gift to the American stage, has no fewer than eight players of international repute. What's more, they can all act, or, at any rate, do in this play. They are Arthur Byron, Mary Nash, Cecilia Loftus, Ernest Thesiger, Basil Rathbone, Diana Wynyard, Robert Loraine and Ernest Cossart—I wrote the names on bits of paper and pulled them, blindfolded, out of my hat so that their order would have no significance that anybody but Evangeline Adams could fathom. At that, I should probably start by telling you how good Basil Rathbone and Robert Loraine, as two ministers of the gospel, are, because on past occasions I have not been favorably impressed by either.

Although in the garb of a minister, Mr. Rathbone is actually the Devil of the title, and the effects he gains by being darkly and portentously restrained and quiet are most striking. He is the curate of the Reverend Herbert Messiter's church and his malevolent activities begin when he enlivens a dinner party by suggesting a game of Truth in which they all are to tell what they want most in the world. As the Devil, he takes up the rest of the piece in tempting them by showing them how to obtain their wishes—but always through dishonesty or hurting some one else. To an unsuccessful author, brilliantly acted by Ernest Thesiger on his first appearance in America, he gives an unpublished and unknown Conrad manuscript—suggesting that he publish it as his own; he causes the girl who wants "the kind of love kitchen-maids dream of" to fall in love with him, and so on. I won't tell you any more about it, because Mr. Levy has worked it all out quite ingeniously, with fresh dialogue, right up almost to the end. The last five minutes or so are taken up with a rather ponderous sermon of explanation of what it has all been about, which is quite unnecessary to anybody of normal intelligence who has been paying any attention at all. And with such really good actors as *The Devil Passes* has, who wouldn't?

Another play in which the main honors are carried away by the cast is *Never No More*. Headed by the dignified and matriarchal Rose McClendon, this all-colored troupe manages to afford one of the most genuinely harrowing performances I have ever seen. If you're one of those who go to the theatre to be amused, keep away; but if you consider anything that really takes you out of yourself, whether to amuse, interest, thrill or harrow you, worth going to see, then *Never No More* is definitely to be recommended to you. The no-good son of a fine old Negress has assaulted and killed a white girl; the whites are after him "with hound and gun," but the old woman drives him out and tells him he did wrong and is no son of hers. He tries to elude the chase but fails, and runs back to the family shack, where they won't let him in. The whites burn him on a pyre, while the Negroes wail with terror within. Then, their lust for blood aroused, they try to break in for the rest of the blacks, but, remembering some dynamite one of the boys had got for illegally killing fish, the matriarch takes it and stands off the mob, telling them that they may kill them, but not the way they want to. I relate the bare plot of *Never No More* for two reasons: to show you what you are in for if you go, and to justify what might seem to be an odd statement that it seems to me to have a great deal of the feeling of true tragic inevitability that the textbooks associate with the Greek drama, in spite of a good deal of crudity in its writing. It is the first play of James Knox Millen, who has been a Mississippi cotton planter, and rumor says that a very similar incident occurred not far from his plantation. At any rate I was, if anything, too nearly persuaded that it was really taking place on the stage of the Hudson Theatre. So impartial and yet dramatic is Mr. Millen's viewpoint that I hope he will continue to look about and tell us what he sees.

The documents, the secret service, spies, tipsy royalty, Prussian guards, a beautiful opera singer, a wicked "Madam" and a lovely English girl in love and constant danger—all against a lot of settings representing Berlin in 1914. How will those do for the elements of a play? *Berlin*, by Valentine Williams and Alice Crawford, has them—and a lot more that there isn't nearly enough space to accommodate here. What is the result? Well, *Berlin* is quite a lot of fun so long as you don't insist on even a semblance of plausibility to anything that happens on the stage. In fact, it's so ridiculous that it's a better show than it possibly could have been had the probabilities been more closely adhered to. Just to make it confusing, Charlotte Granville and Moffat Johnston are funny purposely, especially when the former retorts to a Secret Service man who calls her "Mother," "If I was your mother, I'd bark."

Once again Maurice Schwartz was beaten before he started by his choice of a play when he picked Romain Rolland's *Wolves* for the third production of his season. Back when the French were so excited about the Dreyfus case, this somewhat parallel story of a Revolutionary French officer who was "framed" might have been vitally interesting—to the French. Even so, it is not a good play in any respect and the fact that it has to do with foreign history and is, of course, in costume, makes it tedious for an American audience to follow and difficult for even partially American actors to play. Mr. Schwartz, who has demonstrated his ability to act on numerous occasions, this time adopts the technique of underplaying against a lot of men who are shouting. Once again it is as effective as the play allows it to be.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Shows

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: Paul Muni as a dynamic young lawyer.
CYNARA: Well acted play of understandable infidelity.
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Plenty of good songs and good people to sing them.
HAY FEVER: Only bright talk, but bright enough.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Some great acting in O'Neill's melodrama.
OF THEE I SING: Swell political satire with incidental Gershwin music.
REUNION IN VIENNA: Hapsburgs, psychoanalysts and the Lunts.
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: Very light farce brilliantly played.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Katharine Cornell still being glowing as Elizabeth Barrett.
THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON: The second act curtain alone is worth the time and money.
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Nice music, romantic story, tasteful settings and few laughs.
THE GOOD FAIRY: Helen Hayes and Walter Connelly in a spirited Molnar comedy.
THE LAUGH PARADE: Ed Wynn in his best show for quite a while.
THE LEFT BANK: Elmer Rice on the American inhabitants of that part of Paris.

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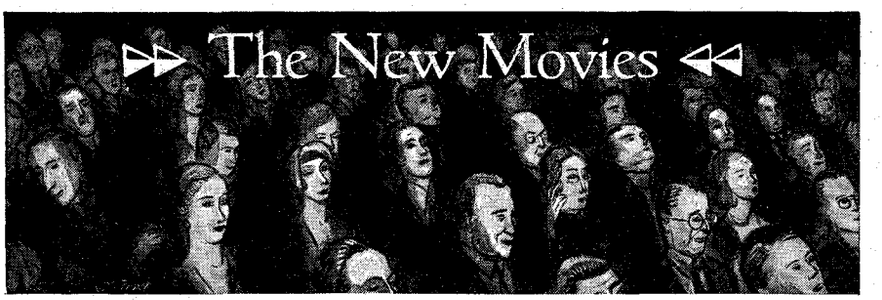

FRANK CAPRA has written and directed a film about suffering womanhood which is so simple, so honest, so entirely unaffected and so completely free from the gaudy heroics which characterize the inane martyrdoms of Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford that it finally appears as an especially dramatic and convincing piece of work.

Neither Adolphe Menjou, lover with an invalid wife, nor Barbara Stanwyck, his mistress for twenty years, need penthouses or cloth of gold draperies to gain their results. Both give smooth and effortless performances. But *Forbidden* is chiefly Mr. Capra's triumph. Obviously his material is as old as fiction itself—and yet he has so told his story that even his most melodramatic episode rings true. To begin with, the characters are sufficiently solid to stand before us as real people. Menjou is not a swaggering seducer of the "all men are beasts" school, nor is Miss Stanwyck a sappy girl who spends her life feeling sorry for herself.

Undoubtedly *Forbidden* was inspired by a number of recent films. At times it is reminiscent of *The Front Page* and *Five Star Final* and at others of Norma Shearer's glittering episodes—and yet it is so beautifully and skilfully directed that these considerations seem beside the point. In brief, Miss Stanwyck has a child by a prominent politician, and as he is being elected governor she kills the tabloid editor who is about to expose their affair. The picture ends with Menjou's death and Miss Stanwyck wandering through a busy street, old and forlorn. To make such material seem honest and dramatic you must obviously look to such a director as Mr. Frank Capra. *Forbidden* is a Columbia picture.

▶▶"*Emil und die Detektive*"

Even if you don't understand German you should get a lot of amusement out of *Emil und die Detektive*, a UFA film acted almost entirely by children. Unlike the expensive child stars on our screen, the hordes of little boys in this film are quite unconscious of their publics. Most of the scenes are in Berlin—on the main streets and in vacant lots—and the kids give an impression of spontaneity which is uncanny.

It is precisely the sort of adventure of which every small boy has dreamed.

▶▶"*Taxi!*"

Much as I should like to report that the rest of this week's films are all brilliant, superb, grand, marvelous, colossal, thrilling and stunning, I am afraid the truth is that they are weak sisters. For one thing they all have a hurriedly assembled, mass-product flavor, and no matter how trying life actually may be in the studios, I don't think we should be reminded of the fact in the theatre.

This brings us to *Taxi!*, in which the violent and explosive James Cagney shows us that taxi drivers have a good deal more to worry about than red and green lights. As long as it deals with the bloody war between the independent cab drivers and the "Consolidated" chain's strong-arm squad, *Taxi!* is alive and up to the other Cagney films (*The Public Enemy* and *Blonde Crazy*). But unfortunately romance rears its pretty head, and for whole minutes at a time the screen is filled with large closeups of Mr. Cagney and Loretta Young gazing down each other's throats—and eventually the plot branches out to include the girl's brother, and the taxi war is pretty well forgotten. All in all, *Taxi!* is a shameful waste of opportunity. New York's taxi drivers are the most colorful and adventurous buccaneers in America today, bar none. Almost any one of them can tell stories which will raise the hair on your head and put Scheherazade, Jules Verne and Captain Kidd to shame. But does Hollywood know this? Does it care?

Next we come to *This Reckless Age*, which is still another edition of *The Goose Hangs High*, which first appeared about eight years ago. For a few minutes it seems to be a study of our wild young people (Buddy Rogers, Peggy Shannon and Frances Dee) who ride about in an old Ford making a lot of noise but are otherwise rather harmless. Then it seems that papa (Richard Bennett) is being knifed in the back by a crooked business associate and for a while it appears that one of the girls wants to marry Buddy Rogers and keep him from finishing college, and so we have a lot of serious discussion as to which is better, "love" or a college education.

▶▶"*Dance Team*"

James Dunn and Sally Eilers were so successful in *Bad Girl* that the next obvious move was to star them again in another film as nearly like the first as possible. While Mr. Dunn and Miss Eilers are still believable and attractive young people, *Dance Team* is a trifle moth-eaten around the edges. For one thing it has a certain dangerous resemblance to those backstage romances we struggled through a few years ago. Again we follow a pair of struggling young dancers to their first success. Again we see the team broken up by a wicked society girl and, after the proper footage, a reconciliation and happiness.

▶▶*Holmes on Hollywood*

Burton Holmes, the travelogue man, recently opened his thirty-ninth lecture tour with an evening called *The Real Hollywood*, in which he told you about the city itself and its surrounding country.

Because it helps in a measure to account for some of the things we see in the films, Mr. Holmes' lecture is well worth a visit. Hollywood seems to be a delirious combination of Coney Island and a millionaire's paradise.

CREIGHTON PEET.

▶▶◀◀

Worth Seeing

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: A personally conducted travelogue.

ARROWSMITH: Sinclair Lewis' novel about a young biologist done into a dramatic and unusual film.

THE CHAMP: Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper dodging in and out of saloons and gambling houses.

HELL DIVERS: Again Wallace Beery, this time with some stunning pictures of the U. S. Navy and its air forces.

MATA HARI: Greta Garbo slithers through one of those good, old-fashioned spy melodramas. About her best film.

PRIVATE LIVES: Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery playing with Noel Coward's lively, brittle dialogue. Good fun.

SOOKY: More SKIPPY, with the same kids as before.

TONIGHT OR NEVER: Gloria Swanson in one of her familiar roles.

IN GERMAN

DER KLEINE SEITENSPRING: The matter of the divorce lawyer's jealous wife—with Renate Mueller.

ELISABETH VON OSTERICH: Some incidents in the private lives of the Hapsburgs made into a lively and dramatic film.

ZWEI MENSCHEN: The struggle between the flesh and the spirit—a boy gives up his girl and becomes a priest to please his mother.

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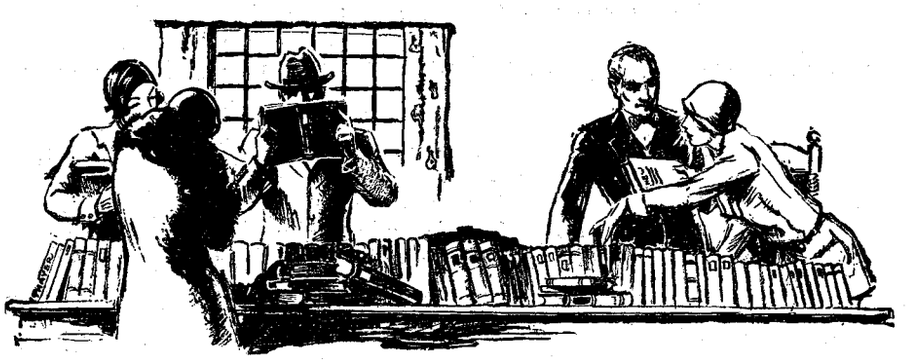
The New Books



The New Poetry

JOHN MASEFIELD has just published his first volume of poems written since his appointment as poet laureate of England. He calls it *Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes*, and every one who likes good lusty English poetry will enjoy this new work and find in it plenty to justify the honor bestowed on its author. There is a solid, wholehearted quality throughout the book, a gusto and energy found frequently in the writings of young poets, but seldom in the work of any one of Masefield's maturity; it is just this energy, combined with the author's dramatic imagination and great experience in the world, which give to the volume its variety and interest.

Masefield concerns himself only secondarily with moods and feelings. Instead he deals with external, objective and often dramatic phases of heroic life, remote from anything personal or introspective. As subjects of this collection of long poems he has taken old tales and recast them according to his imagination, adding a few new tales of his own. Among the familiar ones are the "endless story" of the locusts who depleted the granary grain by grain, while men filled it up again as fast as they had to; a story of Adam and Eve done in a somewhat Chaucerian style; two legends of Tristan; a dramatic scene from the life of Dick Whittington; another relating the return of Odysseus; and a number more. The book contains much very fine poetry, and the reader will be delighted again and again with Masefield's virile and finished use of English, and with the originality of his new tales and the vitality and beauty of those he has retold.

Conrad Aiken's new book, *Preludes for Memnon*, is made up of poetry no less dramatic than that of Masefield, but cast in very different form and mood. While Masefield loses himself in the external world of events, Aiken builds up a universe out of himself, a wide, subjective and realistic world, opposed to and contrasted with the romantic non-realistic world of Masefield's heroes. He attempts a difficult analysis of existence, ploughing through the confusion of human experience, always searching for ultimate values and for any clue to an understanding of the mystery of life. Thus the *Preludes* relate not the struggles of heroes, but of men, who are far more variable and limited.

Memnon, in early legends, was always associated with the coming of light. In Greece, as the son of Tithonus and Eos (the dawn), he wore armor forged by Hephæstus and came to the aid of Priam at Troy; in Egypt the colossal statue sometimes called by his name was said to give forth a sound when struck by the rays of the rising sun. Aiken's *Preludes* are the thoughts of man, the wonderings and desires and beauties and terrors he contemplates in the midnight of his spirit, before the light strikes across the stone lips of Memnon, or any god utters sound.

It is superfluous to say that this poetry is beautiful, subtle and full of feeling. We are accustomed to expect beautiful and important poetry from this most modern of poets, who holds no fixed belief except that enormous one implicit in the ideas of relativity, change and desire. What we have not expected to find is a book containing so much that is profound, philosophic and deeply emotional with an almost unearthly understanding of the nature of man. This is in every way Aiken's best book, which is another way of saying that it contains some of the most remarkable work being written in English today.

JAMES STEPHENS, who wrote *The Crock of Gold*, and has already published his collected poems, is the author of a thin volume called *Strict Joy*. Here the precise, meticulous poet writes of his own feelings and discusses in poetic form the writing of poetry, describing the way in which a poet turns his grief and the misery of his experience into the "strict joy" of his poems. It is a volume of fleeting impressions, bright moments, pregnant glimpses of eternal truths, fears, wayward diversions and sardonic as well as forgiving laughter.

Nobody can doubt the writer's honesty nor quarrel with his strictness as a poetic method. But there will be plenty of people to quarrel with his thesis, which resembles neither the Wordsworthian doctrine of "emotion recollected in tranquillity" nor yet the more modern idea of poetry as experience recreated literally, as of the moment when it happened. Rather, Stephens holds a thesis of poetry as a method of escape from reality, as a means of clarifying experience and relieving it of its pain.

But is poetry only an escape from reality, or a transmuting of it? Stephens no doubt is in earnest when he states his belief, but he is dealing with but one kind of poetry—that of the singer and dreamer of dreams. He speaks for himself, quite beautifully, while a hundred other poets, all of whom may admire his work, would be willing to stake the work of their lifetime on their belief that poetry is a great deal more than this "strict joy."

The fourth volume of verse by Lew Sarett, called *Wings Against the Moon*, brings once more to his wide audience a goodly number of typical American poems written about frontier life, where men and wild creatures still struggle to survive in the remaining primitive background of the woods. In this volume the ways of a fast-disappearing type of life are brought very close to the reader. Lew Sarett is peculiarly sensitive to all natural things, and he writes of birds and beasts and simple men with great understanding. His dramatic and descriptive poetry succeeds very well in making one see, feel, hear and smell the

What to Read

FICTION

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman: Viking. Another story of the Tennessee mountains by the author of The Happy Mountains.

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Westward Passage, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

The Fatal Five Minutes, by R. A. J. Walling: Morrow. Credible, exciting and well written detective story.

NON-FICTION

Life and Letters, Woodrow Wilson, by Ray Stannard Baker: Doubleday. Third and fourth volumes of the official biography.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster: An unconventional "unauthorized" biography.

Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash; Simon & Schuster. Amusing light verse.

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backwoods life which he loves and knows most intimately.

DuBose Heyward, unlike Sarett, is one who writes of phases of civilization which have gone on for a long time in the same place, perhaps very simply, but continuously until the years seem to weigh them down and give them a lethargic quality. In *Jasbo Brown*, a volume of selected poems which contains some new material, Heyward writes of the eastern coast of the country and of regions not far inland, where people have made their homes and rested with scarcely a desire to push farther out along any sort of frontier. Beside some well-known and excellent poems on Negro themes, the book contains others as fine, written about the South Carolina low country, the Great Smokies and New England.

Where Lew Sarett is rugged, active, irregular in style as befits his subject, Heyward is gentler, more detached, more carefully shaped and finished. Even in the most exciting and tragic of the Negro pieces there is a muted feeling in all that happens, as if these people who had been settled and established for so long had grown fatalistic and were willing to sit back and take whatever might come. Heyward presents them truly, in a quiet and dispassionate style.

THE first volume of poetry by Elizabeth Morrow, widow of our late ambassador to Mexico, *Quatrains for My Daughter*, is a charming book of quatrains, lyrics and sonnets; on moods, places, bits of observation and gentle and delicate fancy. This is not heavy poetry, but graceful verse, done in the rather old-fashioned manner which is rich in figures and abstractions, carefully wrought, and throughout rather more intellectual than emotional. One feels behind the work the personality of its author, a wise and gracious personality, showing always a devotion to beauty, a strong religious sense, clear thought and a kind and generous point of view.

The volume is printed in Lutetia type, cast in Holland, and designed by the Pynson Printers, who have also arranged a well-proportioned page. Very probably this work will be highly rated as a piece of fine printing. If you are not reading the poetry, the free open page, with its wide margins broken by a small corner figure and by the numbering of the poems at the top centre and of the pages at the lower centre, presents a most attractive appearance. But for poetry, the present reviewer at least has a great dislike of the Lutetia type—first because it is hard to read, and second because, being hard to read, it lends to the most delicate and evanescent of verses a dark weight which they should not be made to bear. This kind of type would appear to belong rather to works of a heavier sort, such as reprints of early history or the like, or to fresh editions of already well-known poetry. Used to present new work not yet familiar, it handicaps the poet considerably, however beautiful it may appear to the collector.

BERNICE KENYON.

The Week's Reading

Boom in Paradise By T. H. Weigall An extremely interesting and well-written account of the author's experiences as a member of the publicity staff of Coral Gables, the modern Mississippi Bubble with George E. Merrick in the rôle of John Law.

The lavishness with which the Florida land boom was promoted is unbelievable, yet here a glimpse of it is shown in the experiences of Mr. Weigall, who was, after all, a minor cog in the Coral Gables machine.

Yet the story is not half told and Burton Rascoe's characterization of Mr. Weigall as the "historian of the Florida land boom" is an overstatement. He does not, for instance, mention that fact of tremendous importance to American readers, that none other than William Jennings Bryan was the "come-on" artist who delivered a daily lecture in the open-air auditorium at Coral Gables to the hundreds of investors brought sometimes thousands of miles in the land company's own busses without expense to them. He barely mentions other vast developments in all parts of the state.

Mr. Weigall is himself an Englishman and the work is on the whole a delightfully written modern version of Marco Polo for his countrymen. It is well worth reading, particularly for those who haven't quite yet figured out where their investment went.

WALTER CHAMBERS.

Nixey's Harlequin By A. E. Coppard Under a title that somehow suggests all of this author's work are grouped ten new stories. Coppard writes to no pattern; he is extraordinarily versatile, and if there is any pattern distinguishable it is that of his complex and fantastic mind. *The Green Drake* is a conversation between a man and a duck; *Count Stefan* shows you a group of people in an Austrian hotel; *The Limping Lady* tells of an elderly ex-actress who does the landlady of a seaside lodging house out of her money. The stories are either fantastic arabesques or incidents—sometimes not even dramatic incidents—upon which he improvises with great skill. More of himself he has perhaps put into the long

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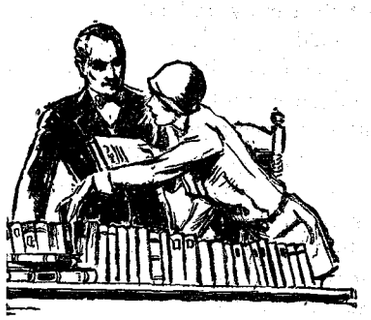

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story, *My Hundredth Tale*, than into any of the others—at least it contains more authentic emotion, has more warmth, than the others.

Murder in the Night By Arthur Gask

Peter Wacks was the human rabbit. You could go up and slap him any time without fear of reprisals. But then he ate some of that red paste and was turned into a cold-blooded, ruthless killer. By night he slew and escaped; by day he organized vigilance committees to catch himself. Adelaide was in uproar—we mean the Australian city, not a lady of that name. We have the unusual situation of a man being both criminal and detective. It is a well-planned story and an exciting one. Unfortunately the type of crime Peter goes in for makes it impossible to have sympathy for him, so that, exciting as much of it is, you never are much interested in which side comes out on top.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Books Reviewed—This Week

Minnie Maylow's Story, by John Masefield: Macmillan, $2.50.
Preludes for Memnon, by Conrad Aiken: Scribner's, $2.50.
Strict Joy, by James Stephens: Macmillan, $1.25.
Wings Against the Moon, by Lew Sarett: Holt, $2.00.
Jasbo Brown, by DuBose Heyward: Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.
Quatrains for My Daughter, by Elizabeth Morrow: Knopf, $2.50.
Nixey's Harlequin, by A. E. Coppard: Knopf, $2.50.
Boom in Paradise, by T. H. Weigall: King, $2.50.
Murder in the Night, by Arthur Gask: Macaulay, $2.00.

The Ballyhoo of Education

(*Continued from Page 76*)

ballyhoo hits them in their hearts as well as their minds. I am not questioning the sincerity of the vast majority of private schools. I believe private schools are doing a better educational job than the public schools, and that private school teachers do better work than public school teachers.

The stark tragedy of it all is, for both public and private education, that we are losing sight of the purpose of education. The ballyhoo is the important thing. Private schools boast of things that mean nothing. Public schools are rotating in a vicious circle. Isn't the purpose of education to prepare boys and girls for a happy, purposeful life? At present the student comes last in the scheme of things, instead of first. There are too many specialists who know nothing but big words connected with that specialty. Education has gone berserk over testing. It has forgotten that teaching is the big aim. Ballyhoo has been substituted for teaching!

Prose and Worse

A CERTAIN lady relates that she was busy with the preparations for stuffing her Christmas turkey when the bootlegger called with the holiday supply of liquor. Having delivered the goods, he hesitated a moment, watching her with interest and evident anxiety, then: "Tut, tut!" he said. "That's no way to stuff a turkey. What are you putting in that dressing?"

She told him—rather doubtfully, for she had no great experience in such matters.

"Oh, dear," he said worriedly, "that's all wrong." He hesitated again for a moment, then seized the mixing spoon. "Here," he said, "you let me do it. Where's the bay leaves? What! No bay leaves! Oh, well, we *can* get on without them, though if you can borrow some while I'm mixing this it'll be a lot better. And better get those giblets on."

The lady was only too glad to have the job done for her, and she watched with interest as he mixed the dressing, stuffed the bird and sewed it up.

"Now," said the bootlegger, "what pan are you going to roast him in. *That* one? Oh, that won't do at all. That the only pan you've got? Well, look here. I've got to deliver some stuff at the Jefferson Club. I know the chef over there, and I'll borrow a pan and bring it right back."

He was as good as his word, and in half an hour he had brought the pan, got the turkey in the oven, superintended the first basting and had gone, leaving minute instructions for making the gravy.

We don't know just what this proves. If you're a dry, you will see in it evidence of the diabolical ingenuity of "these people," worming their way into the confidence of the housewives of the nation, making themselves indispensable. You will see it as part of a concerted policy on the part of the bootleggers to establish themselves firmly in the kitchens of America, to strike parasitic roots so deep in the soil of our national life that nothing can uproot them.

Being a wet ourself, it doesn't make us think of any of these things. It merely recalls vividly the time when ourself did attempt to stuff a turkey. We mixed a bowl of magnificent stuffing, then taking the beast firmly between our aproned knees, began stuffing in great handfuls. We stuffed and stuffed; the stuffing grew low in the bowl, but the great cavity still yawned insatiable; we hadn't even begun to fill it. We couldn't understand it; now all the stuffing was gone, and peer as we could we could see no signs of where it had gone to. Well, evidently we had miscalculated; we'd have to mix another bowl. But as we rose to set about it, we were aware of something underfoot, and looking down saw what had happened. We had stuffed too hard; we had pushed all the stuffing right through the turkey and onto the floor.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

THE life of an explosive expert contains practically nothing but anticlimaxes, if we judge by newspaper accounts of recent bomb scares. A mysterious package left in a Wilmington restaurant by an unidentified person so terrified the proprietor that he called in one of these gentlemen. The package was taken gingerly to the end of a wharf and there opened with heaven knows what tremblings and dire misgivings. And inside were two pieces of red enameled wood. In New Haven another mysterious package was put in a bucket of water for many hours, then carried to a military range and "subjected to gunfire." Inside were eight muskrat skins and one skunk skin. Which suggests a possible peacetime use for our navy. Why not tow the mysterious packages out to sea and shell them for an hour or so? If they turned out to be a box of cigars from Aunt Effie or a bottle of homemade wine, the loss wouldn't be irretrievable and the navy would have had some good clean fun. Indeed it might become an American custom to subject all Christmas presents to gunfire before opening. They might even be improved by such treatment.

What we don't understand is why the makers and senders of bombs are supposed to be such utter fools that they insist on making their packages look mysterious. If we were sending a bomb to any one—and we've thought of it more than once—we'd make it look as reasonable as possible. We'd address it properly and mail it with the return address of a relative in good standing, and we'd see that it didn't tick or hiss or sizzle.

Of course, this sending bombs by a common carrier doesn't seem much fun to us anyway. You don't hear the big bang, and you don't see the dismembered enemy flying through the air. Reading about it in the paper next morning isn't much satisfaction. To get the best out of a bomb you've got to deliver it in person. And most bombers seem reluctant to do this. We're afraid they aren't really very good sportsmen.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

A Dollar Bill

He was a simple and unlearned fellow; born and brought up in a small town; using the ways of plain people. A steady worker.

But the pictures which filled his mind were not of himself. They were the ready-made pictures of life handed to him from birth. This was what life looked like—work (that meant keeping busy), food (that meant keeping alive), money (that meant buying life).

When he lost his job he was forced to look at certain pictures which he had so far avoided. Out of work—penniless—vagrancy—starvation. Even the steady worker was shaken as he looked at them. So when he discovered that more men like himself walked the streets every day he went to the bank and drew out what was left of his small savings. It looked, curiously enough, quite big to him. For he remembered how he had put in only five dollars one month and one another and another nothing at all. Yet now he held in his hand several dollars more than he had saved. And he had a sudden picture of the bank as a stern but kindly old gentleman, with a suggestion of the magician in his high hat, patting him on the shoulder and handing him a little present.

He went then to the railroad station and bought himself a ticket to the biggest city he had ever heard of. For the biggest city would have the greatest number of jobs for the largest number of men.

The city when he reached it shook his nerve a little. The streets were long enough to keep a man walking forever, if he had no special place to go. No city to be homeless in, he thought. A terrible city to starve in. He spent the evening sitting on the side of his cot counting his money and doing sums. Perhaps he would find a job tomorrow; certainly within a week. Then there would be a week's work before payday. If he could make his savings last a month, he would be doubly sure. He must make them last.

Then he thought, what if at the end of the month he had not found work? He took a dollar bill from his small tight roll, and smoothed it slowly on his knee. There it was—money. His mind didn't see a piece of paper with engravings on it—it saw a brightly lighted restaurant; a bed for a night. He looked at the dollar bill with great respect and put it in his left-hand trousers pocket. He promised himself that he would never spend that dollar, no matter what came. No man could starve with money in his pocket.

For a week he walked the streets eagerly looking for work. For the second week he walked more steadily and faster. For the third. For the fourth he tramped desperately. The money from his right-hand pocket had gradually slipped away. On the last day of the month he ate his last meal. He had given up his room two weeks before and each night hired a bed where he could sleep. Now he must think of other ways until he found his job. As he left the dingy restaurant his hand crept into his left-hand trousers pocket and he quickened his step. There was a dollar in his pocket. No need to starve—no need to go without a bed. Nevertheless, he managed to snatch some sleep in the railroad station. For the rest of the night he stood up in vacant doorways or hugged himself on a bench in a public square.

The next morning he tightened his belt and went on looking for work. On the second day his head was light. But on the third day he felt better. He seemed to move about with less effort, though it took him a surprisingly long time to get from one place to another. Perhaps that was because he stopped so often to feel the dollar bill inside his pocket. He had heard of people dying from starvation. Thank God, he need not starve!

On the fourth day he found it hard to remember where he was going. Also, he felt cold—too cold for the unseasonably warm winter. He stopped in front of a restaurant. It looked warm inside; when the door opened he found the smell made him sick. Besides, he had no need to eat—with money in his pocket.

In the last place he went to, looking for work, he forgot what it was he had meant to ask for. So he decided that the subway was a good place in which to warm himself. In the subway station, which was large and crowded, he leaned first against the corner of a newsstand; then against a tall iron railing. Faces passed him in a blur. The dreadful noise of trains grew fainter—began to sound like music—he put his hand in his pocket and felt the dollar bill. And as he felt it he slid quietly down the iron railing and crumpled on the cement floor.

When he came to himself again he was lying on a bed in the city hospital. Two men were looking at him strangely.

"Didn't you want to eat?" asked the doctor. "Or didn't you know there was a dollar in your pocket?"

"Say," exclaimed the reporter incredulously, "a man can't starve with a dollar in his pocket!"

The man on the bed smiled faintly to himself. He knew now that starvation was only an idea. A sort of picture, made up to frighten people. Ibby Hall.

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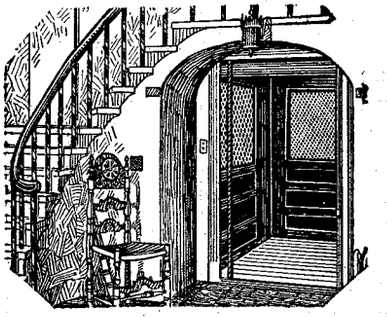
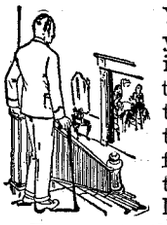


AVOID HEART STRAIN

Stair-climbing often is dangerous



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▶▶ Apropos of Nothing ◀◀

▶▶The Taxi Racketeer

THIS is a crime story with a happy ending. It was told me by a Japanese friend whose name I prefer not to mention. Of the woman in the case I know nothing, not even her name.

Long ago, when my friend was living in London, a fellow-countryman came to him in great distress—he had been robbed of his pocketbook containing a considerable sum of money, his passport and his steamer ticket to Japan. He told how he had been strolling along Piccadilly that afternoon when a taxi drew up at the curb and a beautiful woman signalled him to enter. Not averse to amorous adventure, he had accepted the invitation. Deserting the thronged thoroughfare for streets less frequented, she proceeded to make love to him, but in the midst of it she appeared to be taken violently ill and begged the chauffeur to drive her to the nearest pharmacy for medicine with which to relieve her pain; whereupon the terrified Oriental stopped the cab and made his escape. But when he felt for his pocketbook he found it gone.

My friend figured that the racket was one which had been successfully worked before and therefore would be tried again. Accordingly, every afternoon he took to promenading the locality where the adventure had begun. For upwards of a week his vigilance was unrewarded, but, just as he was about to give up, the same sequence of events happened to him that happened to his fellow-countryman.

He was beckoned to from a taxi by a beautiful woman; he entered, and they drove off. Fully alert and on his guard, he waited for the comedy to begin. Presently she began to make violent love to him, to which he pretended to succumb. He suffered her to pick his inside pocket, meanwhile withdrawing his jeweled scarfpin with her teeth. Then she pretended to be taken ill and asked to be driven to an address she gave. At this my friend seized her firmly by both wrists. His great anxiety had been that the driver might be her confederate, but the fact that the woman made no signal convinced him that such was not the case.

Firmly, but in a low voice, he explained to her what he was after and promised that if she would return the ticket and passport he would not turn her over to the police. She assured him that these articles were still in her possession. So he accompanied her to her apartment and there she placed them in his hands. In spite of everything that had happened, there was something about her that he liked. Therefore, before they parted, the situation took a different turn—they had a long talk, at the end of which he told her that in the game which she was playing she was sure to lose out in the end, and he besought her to quit it then and there. Reduced to tears by his unexpected kindness, she promised to do this, and they parted as friends.

Years later, in New York, he chanced upon her in the thronged corridor of a fashionable hotel in the company of a distinguished-looking, somewhat elderly man. Beautifully gowned, radiant, he would not have recognized her but for her expression of horror when their glances by chance met. She made a signal perceptible to him but not to her companion, and after an interval returned, this time without her escort. She told him that the talk they had had together, his interest, his magnanimity, had effected such a change of consciousness as completely to change her life. She was now married to a man who loved her and whom she loved, and she besought him not to reveal to her husband anything of her past life. This was, of course, the last thing my friend would think of doing, and on this assurance they parted never to meet again.

▶▶Bill

BILL, as a boy, had been sent to the reformatory, from which, like so many others, he had graduated into the penitentiary. The first had failed to reform him and the second had failed to make him penitent—he became a junior member of an enterprising and successful band of thieves, with every prospect of advancement.

The social and professional lines are drawn no less rigidly in the underworld than in the upper—a thief's status depends upon the magnitude of his operations and of the amounts involved. At one end of the scale stands the pilferer of garden hose, telegraph wire and petty sums from the church poor box, and at the other the Gentleman Jim, who would scorn to engage in any enterprise of which the profits could not be reckoned in thousands.

Bill belonged to the latter class—his firm specialized in Westchester and Long Island personal property. That is, they confined their activities for the most part to the country houses of the rich, whom they relieved of their money and jewelry either by ransacking their rooms in the middle of the night or during dinner, or by the aid of one of their number acting in the capacity of a valet or a maid.

Bill's birth as a Human Being occurred on board a train while on his way to visit a great estate near Mount Kisco in order to look over the ground for his company preliminary to operating. He had the devastated face of one who had meditated too much on his wrongs and his revenges, and like most jailbirds his teeth were bad; but if there be any such thing as a criminal type he was not of it. Clean-shaven, clean-shirted, well clothed, booted and hatted, he made a not unfavorable impression—at least such must have been the effect upon his seat-mate, a beautiful young girl engaged in reading some "uplifting" book. Full of its inspiration she began to talk to Bill about it in a way that he had never been talked to before—with confidence, with kindness, on the assumption that he would share her enthusiasm, appreciate and understand.

To Bill this was a totally new experience—the Eternal Feminine, in this so charming presentment of Herself, stirred his psyche from its long slumber, opening new vistas, propounding new problems, provocative of many a wild surmise. The net result of all this, at the end of half an hour, when she had left him, having vanished in the crowd of some way-station platform

"Like a star of heaven
In broad daylight."

Bill was a changed man. To his chagrin and consternation he discovered that not only had he lost his stomach for the business immediately in hand, but he was overcome by a great distaste for all the falsity upon which his life was founded. He had lost his nerve, his confidence, his daring, his animalistic unity of being; he was divided against himself by the stirrings of conscience—"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." He found it impossible to do the thing that he had come for; neither could he go back and face his confederates and tell them that he could not,

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nor why. He did not know why; and if he had known he could not have told; and if he could have told he knew that they would not be able to understand.

So he took the next train back to New York and never went near them again.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Back-to-the-Land Fallacies

(*Continued from Page* 82)

the general public to have to contribute for the payment of city rents as well as city-distributed foodstuffs.

It would be no solution, even if a practicable method could be proposed. Through ignorance and inability to cope with the complexities of rural life, many of those removed would still be unable to support themselves.

No one knows how many of the workless army are fortunate possessors of any kind of agricultural background. Those who have the experience and self-reliance that farm training begets probably already are leaving the cities or are preparing to do so if any opportunity presents itself. I am told that in southern Ohio new log cabins are appearing amongst the hills, constructed by former residents who have lost their jobs in Columbus, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

FROM a broad national standpoint the creation of more farmers is undesirable. The excess of workers already engaged in farming is primarily the cause of the farm relief problem that has been before the country for years. The making of more farmers would only aggravate this situation.

Have we, then, an insoluble problem? Is there no course of statesmanship that will prevent recurrence of widespread urban unemployment, with the painful accompaniments of desperate human insecurity?

Probably as long as economic forces are permitted to drag workers into the great cities, "unemployment relief drives" will periodically become necessary.

We have not yet recognized that the large city has become an anachronism within the last two decades. Students of the present period will one day perceive that with the coming of long distance transmission of electric power, the motor car and the modern highway, large cities are outdated. Only a redistribution of industry and of population, so that the masses will live closer to original sources of food supply, where excessive rents will not absorb so large a proportion of the wealth produced, will afford any approach to a real solution to the problem of insecurity.

Music

Recent Recordings

THE recent or impending releases of both the Victor and the Columbia companies seem to have more of a *raison d'être* than usual—at least from a topical standpoint. As Bruno Walter is soon to be with us as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Columbia gives us two very nice short selections of Herr Walter's work—with an anonymous orchestra. They are Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*[1] and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*,[2] each being on two twelve-inch disks. There is nothing startling about either, but they are thoroughly competent, both from the standpoint of playing and from that of recording, but if you already have Karl Muck's disks of the *Idyll*[3] you needn't worry about their having been superseded.

As the Flonzaley Quartet announced their retirement some time ago, we probably cannot expect many more records from them, and for that reason, as well as on account of the fact that they were a fine organization, we should be grateful to Victor for letting us have their *Quartet in G Major* of Schubert, Op. 161.[4] The tone is beautiful and the interpretation impeccable throughout.

I recently predicted that in spite of the fact that it was a bad recording of a dull work Victor would try to capitalize on Vladimir Horowitz's current fame and bring out the Rachmaninoff *Third Piano Concerto*, with the London Symphony.[5] Well, they have, and I still strongly advise no one to order it without hearing it.

Friedrich Schorr has sung few things that should be more welcome to admirers of his fine baritone than *Am Meer* and *Wanderlied*, songs by Schubert and Schumann, respectively.[6] If only the Metropolitan could find a German tenor of equal ability, Wagnerian and other Teutonic evenings there would be an almost unalloyed delight.

Another vocal disk of a good deal of interest is the Hall Johnson Negro Choir singing *Water Boy* on one side and *St. James Infirmary Blues* and *Eastman* on the other.[7] It was a Hall Johnson group in *The Green Pastures* and their work is always interesting. I object only to the emasculated lyric to *St. James Infirmary* that they use.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia 68016/7.
2. Columbia 68011/2.
3. Victor 7381/2.
4. Victor Album M 118.
5. Victor Album M 117.
6. Victor 7473.
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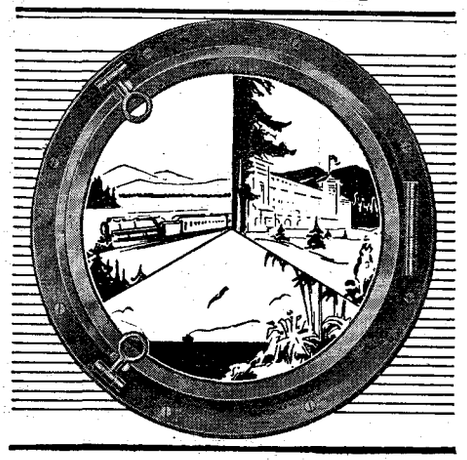

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Gandhi—Mountebank or Martyr?

(*Continued from Page* 78)

hatma blessed the multitudes, the left hand of the politician took the silver of the Pharisees.

All this time Mr. Gandhi had restricted himself to the æsthetic code he had set himself. His personal life has ever kept in harmony with his teachings. His very democracy of spirit has perforce made him an out-caste man, since he observes no regulations or penances for coming in contact with lower caste people. He has even associated with the depressed classes or "Untouchables." At first the "Untouchables" thought him their savior from the cruel oppressions of the caste people, which are as severe today as those suffered by the Jews in Egypt three thousand years ago. Their vaulting hopes dropped heavily, however, when they perceived Mr. Gandhi's compassion was a personal one, entirely distinct from his political policies, for he has never taken a definite stand or offered a definite plan in their behalf. When he came to the test, he has always supported the high castes, who are able to meet and talk with Mr. Gandhi, bargain with him and even eat with him, because afterward they undergo purifying ceremonies at the hands of their priests—or Brahmans.

The orthodox Hindus are all caste people, and these Mr. Gandhi has retained as his supporters by promising to demolish all signs of Western civilization, such as the railways, the irrigation projects, the hospitals,—these assurances are incorporated in articles of Mr. Gandhi's "Confession of Faith"; see "Mahatma Gandhi: His Life, Writings and Speeches"—and other Western devices and to restore the ancient and orthodox customs of suttee (the burning of widows) and other cruel and curious customs which are part of the Hindu religion.

A notable example of Mr. Gandhi's ability to coöperate with those who differ from him is these very orthodox Hindus. While Mr. Gandhi has always lived up to and preached the principle of non-injury, which is a Jain and Buddhist tenet, the orthodox Hindus find this doctrine quite unacceptable. There are three great main castes: the Brahmans, the Kshattrujas and the Vaisyas. The Kshattrujas compose the warrior castes and this great division of Hindu religions and social law is devoted to those who kill or are killed. There is no echo in their nature of Mr. Gandhi's doctrines of non-injury—or non-resistance.

Mr. Gandhi was the sole Indian leader with the ability to conciliate these warring minorities, of such widely varying objectives, into a coöperative opposition to the British Government. Under his ameliorating influence, committees of even such bitter opponents as Moslems and Hindus have sometimes agreed on a definite polemic program, though the populace at large have never endorsed the agreements. That these political unions of the delegates have always led to communal violence and bloodshed has always been regretted by Mr. Gandhi—but never remedied.

The leaders themselves have for a long time recognized the extraordinary ability of Mr. Gandhi to penetrate the Western mind, perceive its workings, and answer its arguments in Western terms. His art has been to retain his Eastern suavity and shrewdness and to acquire a Western *modus operandi*. A skilled manipulator of public opinion and a superb judge of mankind, he has been invaluable as a negotiator, in both Eastern and Western camps. Mr. Gandhi has therefore been chosen as spokesman to represent the various minorities in a united front to the British authorities, although back of that front have invariable been acrid antagonisms and rivalries—personal and political.

Though Mr. Gandhi is a good talker, he is a poor thinker—for he has ever refused to face facts. During the first London Conference, in 1929-30, while he was confined in jail because he had incited the people to break the salt laws and destroy government warehouses, although the tax of seven American cents a year per capita was fair and evenly dis-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of January 23, 1952

Former Mayor Sanctus of Centroville, who began Monday to serve a 48-year term in the State Penitentiary for malfeasance, misfeasance, larceny and perjury, has just issued the following statement: "The State authorities have conspired to sully the name of our fair city of Centroville."

The president of the National Philatelic Society in an open letter to the Postmaster General, said: "Stamp collectors are resigned to the principle that their purchases of new issues shall entirely absorb the Post Office Department's operating deficit, but I warn you that the adoption of Senator MacSwelton's proposal to pay for the State Department also by further issues of stamps will be met—by the 125,000 members of my Society—with a boycott."

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tributed and the warehouses the India Government's property, Mr. Gandhi proclaimed from his cell that the Moslems and Hindus had always lived in peace and prosperity until the satanic British stirred up hatred between them, and that they are now unanimously desirous of self-rule. History emphatically refutes these claims.

Mr. Gandhi attended this year's conference, and he proclaimed on arrival in England that he represented at least 95% of the Indian people—Moslem, Hindu and "Untouchable." Mr. MacDonald replied that if Mr. Gandhi could draw up a constitution which was acceptable to even a majority of 95% of the Indian peoples, Great Britain would withdraw all further objection to Indian self-rule. Mr. Gandhi could not carry out his boast. He could not produce a coöperative 50% of the delegation, much less 95%. It was not British cleverness nor was it British force that defeated Mr. Gandhi, it was facts and figures.

Broadly speaking, 50% of the Indian people are caste Hindus, 30% are Moslems, 20% are "Untouchables." Even if Mr. Gandhi could have united the 50%, or caste peoples, in a common agreement (which neither he nor any one else has ever been able to do), he needed the Moslems or the "Untouchables" to swing a majority. The Moslems were adamantine—as they must be as long as they are Moslems, since their religion not only denies them the right to live under idol worshippers but even demands that they wage holy war on idol worshippers—and Hindus are idol worshippers. The "Untouchables" held the key to the situation, and they have been persecuted by the caste Hindus for the past three thousand years without mitigation, except that forced on them by the British.

Dr. Ambedkar, leader of the sixty million "Untouchables," listened to Mr. Gandhi's overtures, but insisted upon guarantees of civil and religious equality for his "depressed" brethren. Mr. Gandhi consented to the guarantees in general, but promised not one in particular. Dr. Ambedkar waited. Mr. Gandhi hedged. Finally, when Dr. Ambedkar realized that Mr. Gandhi was playing the old game of phantom promises, he refused flatly to give Mr. Gandhi his support.

It was at that time that Mr. Gandhi lost his temper and accused Dr. Ambedkar of treachery to his people, because Dr. Ambedkar refused blindly and unreservedly to give the safety of his peoples into Mr. Gandhi's hands. It was then that Dr. Ambedkar publicly proclaimed Mr. Gandhi a hypocrite and liar.

Mr. Gandhi returned to India a defeated man. He was met by a loyal minority but an accusing majority. No wonder he welcomed arrest by the British as sanctuary from the Indian battleground of politics.

What is Mr. Gandhi's value? As a man he is a picturesque character, a strict disciplinarian. His personal life is interesting—but hardly important. His public life is, to say the least, inconsistent; but no one can deny that he has made the world India-conscious.

Mr. Gandhi has hypnotized the East with his Mahatma demeanor and he has magnetized the West with his catchphrases and his Biblical quotations.

How long will Mr. Gandhi live in the world's memory? As long as Christ, he hopes and some of his disciples claim. But how long would Christ have lived had he preached his gospel in temporal slogans as candidate for Roman governor or king of the Jews? Christ said "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." Mr. Gandhi says "Down with taxes! Vote for me!"

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi is a remarkable man.

Air Chief Foulois—Pioneer Pilot

(*Continued from Page* 83)

eration as to a man's qualifications for flying in the early days of aviation's history.

Whatever the reason, Foulois was assigned in 1909 to operate the first dirigible purchased by the government and a year later was one of the officers designated to receive training from the Wright brothers on the plane they finally had succeeded in selling the Army. As a student-observer with Orville Wright, he participated in America's first cross-country airplane flight—a hop of ten miles at a speed of 42 miles an hour and a height of 600 feet, which established new world's records for distance, speed and altitude. During 1910 Foulois alternately flew and assisted his eight enlisted mechanics in patching up Army airplane No. 1 at San Antonio, drawing $300 from his own meager salary as a first lieutenant to augment the $150 appropriated by Congress for repairs to the newfangled flying machine when breakage exceeded the official budget. There are those who wonder whether this experience may not again stand him in good stead as he once more heads the country's aerial forces in a period whose watchword is rigid economy and reduction of armaments to the minimum.

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head of a flying army of nearly 700 planes, General Foulois staged the first "air raid" ever made on that city. This was in 1912, when he served as the "eyes" of the "Red" forces in the Connecticut National Guard maneuvers and turned the tide of the make-believe war by relaying vital information via the wireless, which he was the first to adapt to airplane usage, just before a treacherous engine let him down in "enemy" territory.

BY 1915 the aviation section of the Signal Corps had grown to such proportions that Foulois was in command of the First Aero Squadron and busily engaged in working out the fundamentals of airplane artillery fire control at Fort Sill, Okla. The Army was beginning to take flying seriously and when he moved his eight ships from Fort Sill to their new station at San Antonio, a distance of 550 miles, in five days, without accident or delay, the feat was hailed as an epoch-making achievement. It needed only the enthusiastic declaration of General Pershing, whom Foulois and his command accompanied and served in Mexico, that one airplane was as valuable to him as a whole cavalry regiment, to give aviation a real impetus in military circles.

With the outbreak of the World War Foulois drew up plans for the organization of the Air Service as a separate branch of the Army and then went to France as chief of the American flying forces abroad. In March, 1918, he personally led the first all-American squadron of planes and pilots over the German lines. After the armistice he served in Washington demobilizing the Air Service, then went to Berlin as air attaché of the American Embassy, returning to this country in 1925 to take command of Mitchell Field, L. I., a post that he held until he was recalled to Washington in 1927 to become assistant chief of Air Corps under Major General James E. Fechet, recently retired. From December, 1927, to July, 1929, he had charge of the Training and Operations division of the Air Corps, was shifted then to command the Materiel division at Wright Field, Dayton, for a year, when he took charge of the Plans division in the chief's office at Washington. It was from the latter rôle that he stepped into full command of the Air Corps.

Boss-Built Westchester

(*Continued from Page* 80)

counties. It obtained as head of the system William Harper, who had been Probation Commissioner for the State of Rhode Island, and Mr. Harper was not asked what his political affiliations were.

Recently the county decided to install a budget system and centralize control of its finances. It did not create a political post, but went to the national Y.M.C.A. for B. J. Folger, an "efficiency man" who had been active in a national construction program. Mr. Folger was appointed Commissioner of Budget and Finance by the county Board of Supervisors, although not a Westchester man, but a native of South Carolina. By no stretch of the imagination could he be called a politician.

The various commissions of the government, although selected by the Republican leadership, scrupulously include Democratic members, so that they may be non-partisan in the formulation of administrative policies, and so that once their conclusions have been reached they may obtain necessary political support from both parties.

Under Republican leadership, but with Democratic support, the County Welfare Commission has built a modern hospital at Grasslands, housing 880 patients, which is one of the prides of the county. It contains one of five laboratories in New York state which the State Department of Health considers qualified to make every kind of laboratory test. This hospital has a "preventorium" service for children, a building for nervous and mental disease cases, and "Sunshine Cottage," which is exactly what its name would imply, for tubercular children.

UNDER the guidance of the late V. Everit Macy, a philanthropist who was Commissioner of the Poor some ten years ago, Westchester was a pioneer in developing the "mother's allowance plan" of caring for children who formerly had been sent to institutions because the death of fathers left mothers unable to care for them at home. The system worked out in Westchester later was adopted by New York state. Shrewd business, mingled with farseeing philanthropy, then, are the dominant characteristics of the Westchester County government.

At a time when county governments generally are under fire throughout the United States as archaic, wasteful, boss-ridden and tending to be corrupt, this Westchester government stands out as a center of progress. It is demonstrating that government itself, good government, in an area of swiftly increasing population, at least to a large extent can select its population and then increase the wealth and happiness of the people who come to live within its jurisdiction.

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

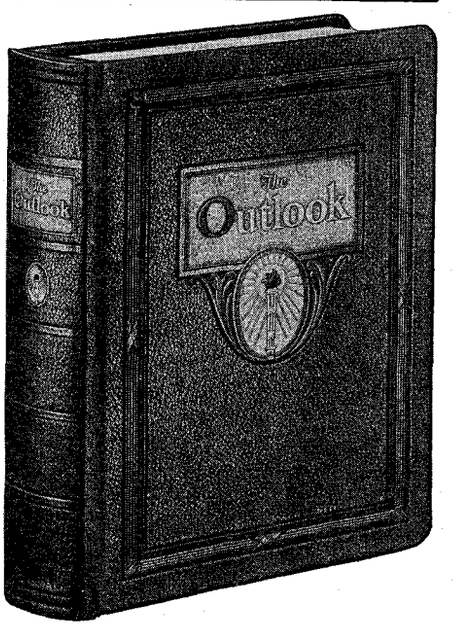
Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.



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